

B 28 1955

MARCH • 25c

Screenland

PLUS

TV-LAND

50
CITING
TURES!

Rock Hudson
aid
Marry?

ACE KELLY:
lywood's Newest
blem Child?

JANE POWELL





**Dennis James, TV Star of DuMont's "Chance of a Lifetime"
gives you some tips on HOW TO WEAR PERFUME!**



TWEED PERFUME from 2⁰⁰

TWEED BOUQUET from 1⁵⁰ prices plus tax

1. Wear perfume every day ... don't hoard it!
2. Splash Tweed Bouquet on lavishly ... after your bath!
3. Stroke Tweed Perfume on your pulse points ... never on clothes!
4. Renew your perfume as often as your lipstick.
5. Remember ... *Tweed* is the one fragrance above all others you can wear anytime, anywhere.

See "Chance of a Lifetime," starring Dennis James
on your local DuMont TV station.

Sentheric
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

"Go out with him?..."
Don't make me laugh!"



Gwen was still laughing when she hung up the receiver. Jane looked on incredulously. "But he has a car, good looks, a good job," she protested. "So what?" Gwen sneered. "He's got something else, too . . . something that nullifies every charm."

Jane still looked blank.

"I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way*."

★ ★ ★

You simply don't get by when you're guilty of *halitosis (bad breath). Remember, too, that men are often the worst offenders. Isn't it just common sense to use the surest thing you know to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course . . . night and morning . . . and before

any date. Listerine stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than any tooth paste.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*



Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by mil-

lions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



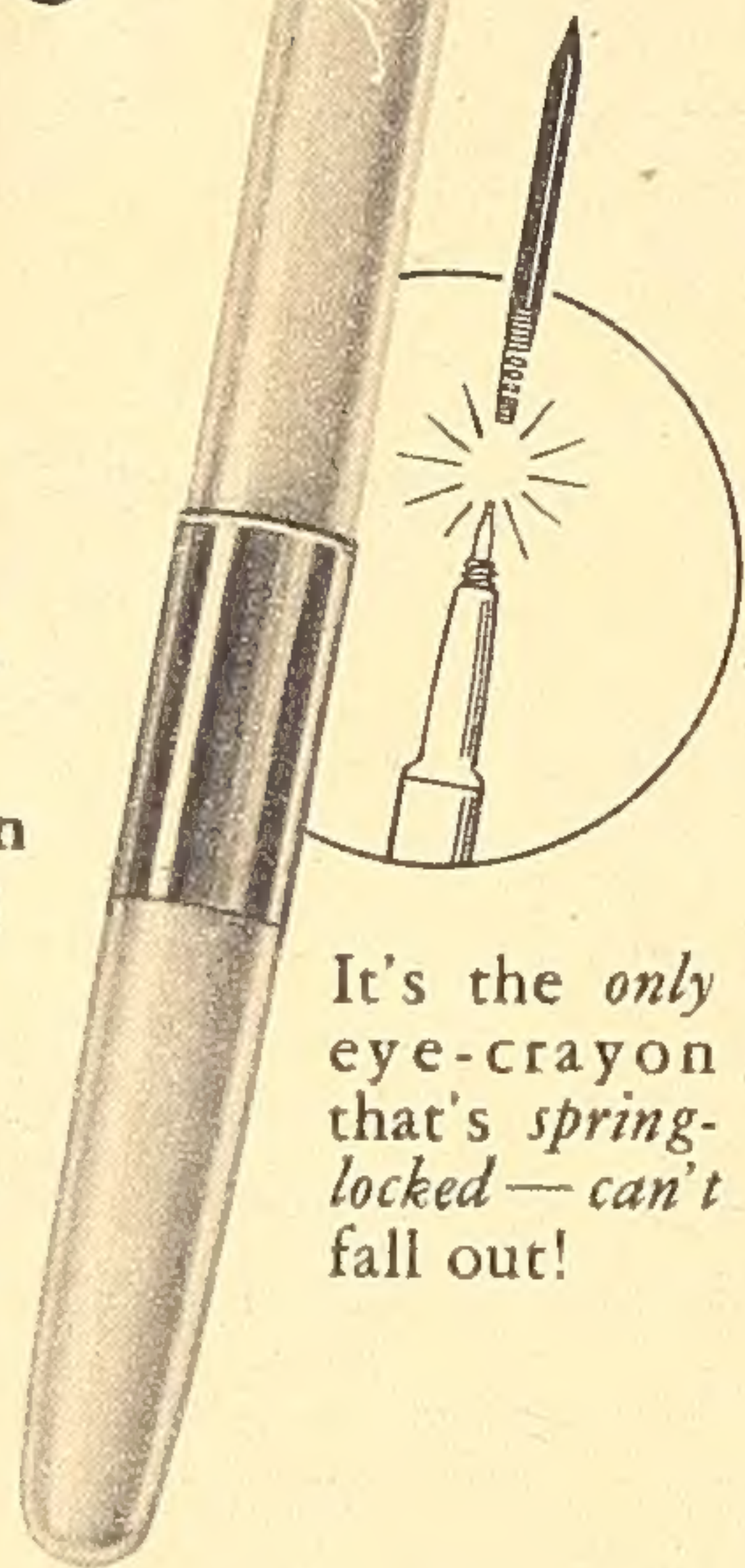
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

Every week on Television
 "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"



new eye
beauty
for
you

Smoothest eye-crayon
in the whole world
—and the easiest
to use—it's a joy!
Never needs sharp-
ening. Crayon pro-
pels and retracts!
Always ready to
make your eyes
far lovelier—in a
minute's time!



It's the only
eye-crayon
that's *spring-*
locked—can't
fall out!

Maybelline

"AUTOMATIC"
EYEBROW AND EYE LINER
PENCIL



Velvet Black, Dark Brown,
Light Brown or Auburn...
Elegant turquoise and gold case!

79¢

TWIN-REFILLS, 39¢

Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Eleven

March, 1955

ARTICLES

Grace Kelly: Hollywood's New Garbo? by Bill Tusher	12
Rock Hudson: Scared Of Marriage? by Paul Benedict	22
Marilyn Monroe: Melancholy Baby by Jane Mason	28
Tab Hunter: "He Didn't Kiss Me Good-Night" by Lori Nelson	34
John Wayne: "Don't Tangle With My Dad" by Patrick Wayne	44
Doris Day: "Doris Is My Boss" by "Smudgy"	48
Jane Russell: "Jane Got In My Hair" by Richard Egan	54
Jackie Gleason: The Gleason You Never See by Florence Epstein	64

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Debbie Reynolds: Debbie's Charleston Party	18
June Allyson: Junie And Her Kids	40
Gary Cooper: Cooper Cuts Some Capers	58

SPECIAL FEATURES

Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary	6
Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan	8
Let's Look At The Records by Martin Block	69

ON THE COVER: JANE POWELL, STARRING IN MGM'S "HIT THE DECK"

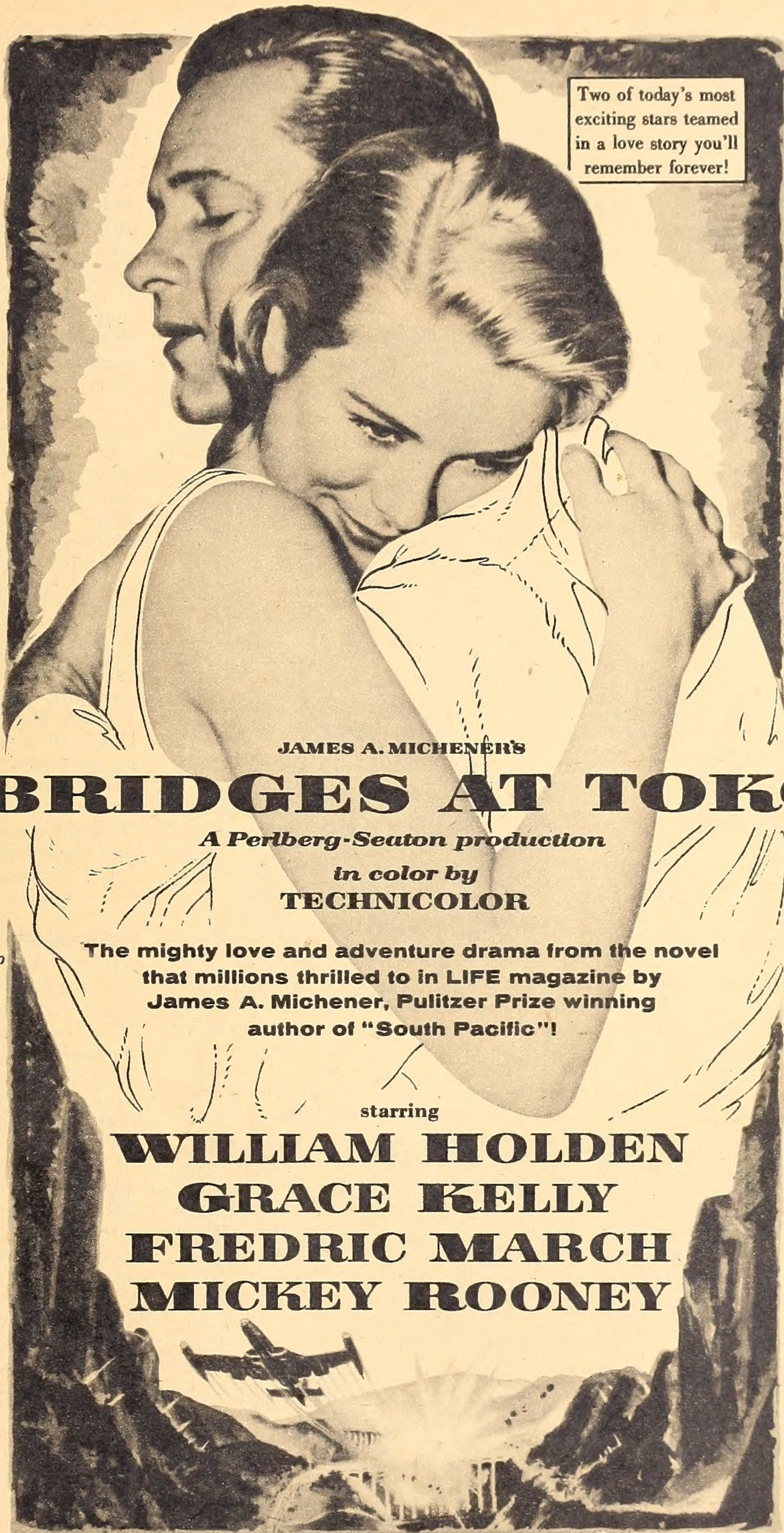
NED L. PINES
PUBLISHER

Editor.....Ira Peck	Business Manager.....Harry Slater
Managing Editor.....Ruth Fountain	Circulation Director.....Frank Lualdi
Associate Editor.....Corinne Katz	Circulation Manager.....Irving Wechsler
Art Director.....Edward R. Rofheart	Advertising Director.....Victor Dee
Art Editor.....Sam Ravidich	Production Manager.....Sayre Ross

SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND Published bi-monthly and copyrighted 1955 by Popular Library, Inc., Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Offices, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y., Harold I. Collen, Chicago Manager, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., Murray Bothwell, Rep., 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Address all subscription mail to Subscription Department, SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Single copy price \$.25, subscriptions \$3.75 for 12 issues, add \$1.00 outside U. S. and its possessions. When entering a new subscription allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Application for second-class entry pending. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



Tomorrow, the deadliest mission ... tonight, the greatest love!



Two of today's most exciting stars teamed in a love story you'll remember forever!

William Holden
as Lt. Brubaker, who'd
done more than
his share!



Fredric March
as the Admiral, big
brass ... with a heart
of gold!



JAMES A. MICHENER'S

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI

A Perlberg-Seaton production

in color by

TECHNICOLOR

The mighty love and adventure drama from the novel
that millions thrilled to in LIFE magazine by
James A. Michener, Pulitzer Prize winning
author of "South Pacific"!

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
GRACE KELLY
FREDRIC MARCH
MICKEY ROONEY

Grace Kelly
as Nancy, who
followed her man
to the ends of the earth!



Mickey Rooney
as Mike, the 'copter
pilot, all fun—
and fearlessness!



With ROBERT STRAUSS • CHARLES McGRAW • KEIKO AWAJI
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON • Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES • From the Novel by James A. Michener • A Paramount Picture

WORLD PREMIERE AT NEW YORK'S RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
AND SOON IN LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY



RUMORS about Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding were dispelled by impending visit of stork.

SIMPLICITY and quiet dignity marked the wedding of Jane Powell and Pat Nerney.

THEIR courtship was brief but Pier Angeli and Vic Damone should have balmy marriage.



You'd think it was June, or at least Spring, out here in Hollywood, the way that chubby little fellow named Cupid has been twanging away with his bow and arrows. Love in bloom all over the place! Of course, there were some split-ups, too, plus additional storm clouds gathering on the love-life weather front, but the report this month is "Mostly Fair and Warmer."

JANIE AND PAT—It was a small, quiet and dignified wedding at the lovely Ojai Valley Inn, about 100 miles north of Hollywood, at which Jane Powell and Pat Nerney said their "I do's." Janie, as bubbly as the champagne served at the dinner reception which followed the ceremony, looked nothing less than dreamy in her Helen Rose-designed ballerina length wedding gown. It was pale blue, both Janie and Pat's favorite color for her; the purse she carried and her tiny winged hat were the same shade. Funny, nobody ever worries about what the groom wears!

Janie's matron of honor was her closest friend, Barbara (Mrs. Marshall) Thompson, and Pat's best man was his brother John, with whom Pat operates a thriving auto agency.

The Nerneys had a one-month honeymoon, flew to Paris, the Riviera, Venice, Florence, Rome and Madrid. Later they hope to return to Europe on a more leisurely trip by boat and "take the kids." Janie and Pat had a long courtship, each has been through a previous broken marriage, and their friends feel that now in each other they've found the right mates for a happy life.

PIER AND VIC—St. Timothy's R.C. Church in West Los Angeles was beautifully decorated with white roses and white stock for Pier Angeli and Vic Damone's nuptial mass. MGM designer Helen Rose—she's been almost as busy as Cupid—also created Pier's wedding gown, a lovely Juliet style with lace cap and long veil. Pier's twin, Marisa Pavan, was maid of honor, attendants included Taina Elg and Vic's sisters, Elaine and Sandra. Their dresses were sheer white over pale pink and they carried red roses. Gordon MacRae sang with a boys' choir of 40. Dean Martin was best man and ushers included Tony Martin, Robert Sterling and producer Joe Pasternak.

There were about 200 guests at the champagne luncheon reception in the Bel Air Hotel and it was a photographers' and autograph hunters' paradise! After a four-day honeymoon, the newlyweds went to Las Vegas where Vic had a singing engagement at the Sands Hotel. Then back to the Beverly Hills house they've rented with an option to buy. Although their courtship was brief, Pier and Vic should have a balmy marriage; they're very much in love, have no religious differences and have the same Italian heritage. And Pier's

(Continued on page 74)

DORIS DAY AND FRANK SINATRA

mad
for
each
other
and
singing
their
hearts
out
for
you

in

"Young at Heart"

IN
WARNERCOLOR



DORIS
AND FRANK
SING 'EM AS
ONLY THEY CAN!

'TIL MY LOVE
COMES TO ME'

'YOU MY LOVE'

'JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS'

'ONE FOR MY BABY'

'SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME'

'YOUNG AT HEART'

'HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS'

'THERE'S A RISING MOON'

'READY WILLING AND ABLE'



*Nobody knew what
Barney would do next—
and she didn't care,
just so he did it
with her!*

Another
sensation-role
for Sinatra,
dream-teamed
with Doris and
presented
by WARNER
BROS!



ALSO STARRING
GIG YOUNG



ETHEL BARRYMORE



DOROTHY MALONE

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. EPSTEIN AND LENORE COFFEE • PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR • AN ARWIN PRODUCTION • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

AND WATCH FOR WARNER BROS' SPECTACULAR FILMING OF THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S FAMED BEST-SELLER
'THE SILVER CHALICE'—IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR • A VICTOR SAVILLE PRODUCTION



GRACE KELLY stoically takes Bill Holden's tongue-lashing in the dramatic "Country Girl."

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Country Girl

Fear takes many forms, but perhaps the most numbing is the fear of failure. It's this lack of belief in one's self that starts musical comedy star Bing Crosby skidding into the unreality of an alcoholic's fantasy. About the time his career begins to lose lustre and freshness, Crosby's young son is killed in a tragic accident. He uses the child's death as proof that he's incapable of assuming responsibilities. Their son gone, wife Grace Kelly is forced to take on a new mother's role. She becomes the keeper of a cunning, suspicious drunkard. Whatever Grace does to bring back the husband she once loved, director William Holden matches, in another way, by his efforts to bring back the star he once knew. Convinced Crosby and only Crosby can play the lead in a new musical, Holden gambles the entire production on his hunch. When rehearsals uncover the frailty of Holden's judgment, he looks for an answer, and finds it with

Crosby's help, in Grace whom he tabs as a domineering, possessive, frustrated female. Holden's whiplash opinions are finally reversed in an explosive scene, and he leaves loving the woman he once hated. For great, moving drama, this adaptation of the Clifford Odets' play will be hard to beat, and so will the performances of Kelly, Crosby and Holden, all three are nothing short of great. (Paramount.)

The Silver Chalice

Adapted from Thomas Costain's best-selling novel that wove its numerous side plots around the fascinating mystery of what happened to the Holy Grail, the silver-embossed cup used at the Last Supper. Young though he is, Paul Newman has great skill at fashioning silver into objects of beauty. It is he, who, after being sold into slavery by a jealous uncle, is commissioned by the Christians to make the chalice. No ordinary cup, this is destined to become the symbol



VIRGINIA MAYO struggles to keep the love of Paul Newman in "The Silver Chalice."



THERE'S chaos on the midway when Martin and Lewis take over in "Three-Ring Circus."

of Christianity. For this reason, magician Jack Palance wished to steal and destroy the chalice. His intentions were to form a new religious order, thereby gaining power over the people of Rome. Besides Newman's struggle to keep the chalice safe until its completion, he has a personal struggle which involves childhood sweetheart Virginia Mayo, and one of his Christian benefactors, Pier Angeli. In this spectacle of love and adventure during Biblical times, full use is made of CinemaScope and WarnerColor as befits a multi-million dollar production. (Warner Brothers.)

So This Is Paris

Technicolor splurge of music and fun that has all the exuberance of three American sailors on leave in Paris. Operators all, Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert don't intend leaving Paree unless they can lay claim to having triumphed under the Arch of Triumph, sighed in Versailles, and are rated champs on the

Champs Elysees. Naturally, their ambitions would be advanced no end if they could find three amenable French dolls. Curtis, a dazzler in navy blues, is first to get on course with chanteuse Gloria De Haven, but runs aground when he learns she's from Jackson Heights, L. I., and has five—count 'em—five children. It's true the tykes are war orphans, but *sacre bleu* it does present a problem, especially since Gloria is having trouble supporting her brood. In one grand gesture befitting the United States Navy, Curtis and his two chums decide to toss a benefit for the youngsters. They commandeer Corinne Calvet's town house, while the heiress is visiting papa, herd in all her well-heeled *amis* and raise the necessary cash. They also raise quite a storm when Corinne returns unexpectedly with the gendarmes in tow. However, there's no crisis in France, or anywhere else for that matter, which can't be solved by a brisk exchange of lip rouge. (U.I.)

Three-Ring Circus

Taking a lion-taming course under the G.I. Bill, Jerry Lewis' faint heart is really set on something less violent, like being a clown. Pal Dean Martin goes in for more substantial game—women and money. As if Joanne Dru's circus isn't having enough trouble with temperamental stars, one of whom is Zsa Zsa Gabor, the boys add their scintillating brand of madness to the operation. Martin gets the bright idea of putting gambling concessions on the midway. Joanne doesn't like Martin or his shady brainstorm, but she's forced to go along with him in one desperate attempt to save the circus. Completely oblivious, as usual, to the clash and tension around him, Jerry finally gets his big chance as a clown. He's a huge success, and it looks as though the circus is solidly back in business. Like all true love, however, Joanne and Martin have a few more battles to go through, and Zsa Zsa has a few
(Continued on page 72)

GOBS Paul Gilbert, Gene Nelson and Tony Curtis on the loose in "So This Is Paris."



From the Sensational *Collier's* Magazine Story
"THEY STOLE \$2,500,000 AND GOT AWAY WITH IT!"



**TOUGH AND
TERRIFIC...
IN A NEW
KIND OF
ROLE!**

Universal-International presents

**TONY CURTIS
JULIE ADAMS
GEORGE NADER**

**6 BRIDGES
TO CROSS**

Keep your eyes on
GEORGE NADER
an exciting new
screen personality!

with JAY C. FLIPPEN • SAL MINEO



Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by SIDNEY BOEHM • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

94 DL PD=WUX TDL UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF 5
L PINES=10 EAST 40 ST=

NA094 DL PD=WUX
NED L PINES=10

HOLLYWOOD WELCOMES BACK

Were the stars happy about SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN resuming publication? Happy? Looks like they flipped! And so did we when we saw the flood of wires and letters that poured in. Here's just a sample!

Pines Publications Inc.

10 EAST 40TH STREET

NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Dear Readers:

These wires and letters are just a sample of the tremendous enthusiasm with which Hollywood's great stars have welcomed SCREENLAND magazine back to the newsstands. We hope that your response — and we'll welcome your letters — will be equally enthusiastic.

The current issue of SCREENLAND now features more than ever the fresh, exciting, *picture-packed* interest you've come to expect from this fine magazine. If you like it, we're sure you'll like, too, its sister magazine, SILVER SCREEN, which will also be on the stands soon. Unless we miss our guess, you won't want to miss either. Here's to happy reading!

Sincerely,

Ira Peck

Ira Peck

Editor

SCREENLAND and
SILVER SCREEN

YOU EVERY POS... SUCCESS WITH THE NEW
AND SCREENLAND

JUNE ALLYSON

SEEING SILVER
NEWSSTANDS W
FROM A LONG
R COMEBA

NA082 CGN PD=WUX TDL UNIVERSAL CITY CALIF 5 943AM
NED L PINES=
10 EAST 40 ST=
DEAR NED: SILVER SCREEN AND SCREENLAND HAVE OUR WARME
WISHES FOR LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS. AND THANKS TO YOU
FOR HASTENING THEIR RETURN=
JANET AND TONY CURTIS=

WESTERN UNION

1206 10-51

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

CHARGE TO THE ACCOUNT OF

NED L PINES, PUBLISHER SILVER SCREEN & SCREENLAND
MAGAZINES--
10 EAST 40 ST NYK--

--IT WILL BE GOOD TO BE READING SCREENLAND AND
SILVER SCREEN AGAIN. I MISSED THESE BOOKS AND
IT'S WONDERFUL TO KNOW YOU'RE RESUMING
PUBLICATION. SINCERELY--

MARILYN MONROE----

WESTERN UNION

1206 10-51

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

CHARGE TO THE ACCOUNT OF

NED L PINES, PUBLISHER SILVER SCREEN
& SCREENLAND MAGAZINES--
10 EAST 40 ST NYK--

--CONGRATULATIONS! IT'S GREAT HAVING SILVER SCREEN
AND SCREENLAND BACK ON THE STANDS CORDIALLY--

BOB WAGNER----

SCREENLAND AND SILVER SCREEN..

SCREENLAND BACK ON THE
WELCOMING A CLOSE FRIEND BACK
S. NED. FOR QUARTERBACKING
HUDSON=

r Ned:

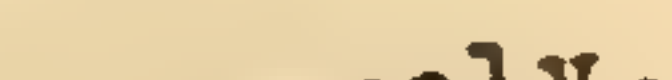
er Ned:
e news that Silver Screen and Screenland
e resuming publication has made me very happy.
ese magazines have always done a fine job
Hollywood reporting and I feel sure they
re headed for long and successful publishing.
that if at any time I can
I will be glad

Please be assured that if at any time I can cooperate with your writers I will be glad to do so.

Sincerely,

Reed

Sincerely,

Sincerely,

Alan Ladd

Alan Ladd

NA095 CGN PD=WUX NEW YORK NY 9 1250PME=
NED L PINES, PUBLISHER SILVER SCREEN AND SCREENLAND
MAGAZINES=
10 EAST 40 ST=
25 SILVER SCREE

MAGAZINES=
:DELIVER 10 EAST 40 ST=

MAGAZINES=
DELIVER 10 EAST 40 ST=
DELIGHTED YOU HAVE RESUMED PUBLICATION OF SILVER SCREEN
SCREENLAND. MY VERY BEST WISHES FOR THEIR CONTINUED S
GRACE KELLY=

Doris Day
Nov. 8, 1954

Nov. 8, 1954

Dear Ned:

Please accept my warm congratulations on the rebirth of Silver Screen and Screenland.

We have miss

We have missed you very much.
I am sure your
han ever

I am sure your magazines will be better than ever and that your readership will grow and grow.

Sincerely,

Sincerely,
Doris Day

Doris Day

Western Union
Doris Day
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

WESTERN
ED L PINES, PUBLISHER, SILVER SCREEN &
ENLAND MAGAZINES--
O EAST 40 ST NYK--
TO TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I WA
SILVER SCREEN WILL SO
CONGRATULATIONS

ED L PINES, PUBLISHER,
ENLAND MAGAZINES--
O EAST 40 ST NYK--
HIS IS JUST TO TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I WAS TO HEAR
T SCREENLAND AND SILVER SCREEN WILL SOON APPEAR
THE STANDS ONCE MORE. CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU
D YOUR STAFF AND BEST WISHES FOR A LONG AND
UCCESSFUL FUTURE. SINCERELY--
--DEBBIE REYNOLDS

CERELY--
 --DEBBIE REYNOLDS

PUBLISHER HOLLYWOOD CALIF 11=
 TO EAST 40 ST NYK=
 -GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN IN CIRCULATION. NEWSTANDS
 DIDNT SEEM QUITE THE SAME WITHOUT SILVER SCREEN AND
 SCREENLAND SINCERELY=
 BING CROSBY=..

BING CROSBY=..



a snob? a prima donna?
a femme fatale? here
is the truth about
Grace Kelly, the girl who's
the talk of moviedom



NO ALOOFNESS here. Grace with Jean Pierre Aumont in N. Y.

GRACE KELLY:

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GARBO?

BY BILL TUSHER

It would be an over-simplification, in fact an outright injustice, to suggest that Grace Kelly despises Hollywood, yet by her actions she gives every indication that this is so. She just can't seem to put Hollywood behind her fast enough. The latest incident to give credence to this was her recent hush-hush departure for the East. No sooner was "To Catch A Thief" completed, than the regal Miss Kelly packed her bags and took to her heels. She didn't even make herself available to the studio for photo layouts and interviews, as is customary even for the most difficult stars.

So shrouded in secrecy was her departure that her absence wasn't discovered until a day or two later, when she was spotted dining at the Colony in New York with Oleg Cassini. Then Grace, who despises being stared at, realized with a start that even in New York she could no longer revel in her fondly remembered pre-Hollywood anonymity. And it was for this very reason that she had hurriedly left the film capital!

The plain truth is that in Grace Kelly Hollywood has found a new Greta Garbo. Like the immortal Sphinx of the Swedish wastes, Grace wants nothing more passionately than to be alone. Hollywood hasn't seen an addiction to solitude the likes of Grace Kelly's since Garbo uttered her deathless "I tank I go home."

By any Hollywood standards, Grace Kelly is an iconoclast, and although the land of magic lanterns frequently

is kinder to non-conformists than other strata of society, her particular variance with Hollywood *mores* is not sitting too well with many of the town's self-styled mahatmas.

Yes, there is heresy abroad in the community of the wide screen and the short marriage. There is a cult of non-believers who refuse to sink to their knees and join in the orgy of deification which has surrounded the already legendary Miss Kelly—a composed, captivating Philadelphia blueblood who in the brief span of a year has conquered the national imagination as the heroine of seven Grade A flickers and the heroine of at least four Grade A romances which Hollywood historians have not yet been able to classify as fact or fiction.

The lingering mystery about the precise depth of Miss Kelly's widely publicized amours is only part of the growing aura of mystery that attaches to everything else she does, many of the things she says, and almost all of the things she thinks. In a pressure-cooker rise to fame perhaps without precedent in all the flamboyant annals of Hollywood, the glacial beauty from the City of Brotherly Love has become—without so much as bending her aristocratic pinky to woo such a furore—the movie colony's most talked about femme fatale since Ingrid Bergman told a shocked and sanctimonious world to go jump in the lake (Continued on page 14)

she refuses to be anything but herself off screen

while she repaired to Italy to bear a child for Roberto Rossellini.

Grace Kelly arrived in Hollywood with a built-in horror of the spotlight and a lifetime passion for privacy. Rather than a calculated campaign to generate mystery, her aversion to publicity and crowds stems largely from innate shyness and a stern concept of personal dignity.

With a refreshing absence of false modesty, Grace suggests—and to all intents and purposes, already has proved—that she can play anything on the screen, but she refuses to play anything but herself off the screen. This can be a dangerous luxury in a community where so many actresses turn in their best performances away from the sound stages.

Without doubt, Grace Kelly's distaste for publicity has contributed to the impression that she is another Garbo. She expects to be left alone when she is dining in a restaurant or dancing at a night club, but more than anything else, she evidently would like to be left alone by the press.

This is not because she is anti-social or anti-press, however. It's true that one Fableville press agent told me, "She not only doesn't say thanks for her buildup, she doesn't even cooperate most of the time." On the other hand, Kelly's allergy to publicity is seen in an

entirely different light by burly Bill Perlberg, producer of "Country Girl."

"Sure, Grace has refused to do leg art," Perlberg conceded. "It's all right for girls in that field, but not for her. I don't remember Greta Garbo ever doing leg art. It's repugnant to Grace."

"She also deplores the fact that she's been overpublicized," he pointed out. "She thinks over-exploitation and publicity have hurt her rather than helped her. She also deplores over-anxious publicity men who coin phrases and attribute them to her."

But beyond the occupational hazards of excessive fanfare, Grace Kelly shuns the spotlight for more basic reasons—psychological reasons cutting to her way of life. She has been reared on the doctrine that her personal life is a sacred thing, and since she respects the private lives of others, she does not consider it unreasonable to demand that they respect the sanctity of her private life. She doesn't regard it as inconsistent or highhanded to welcome the acclaim of the public on the screen, and to resent being leered at and pulled at in the flesh.

She is dedicated to her art, rather than to her public, and to Grace—as well as to those who ardently champion her—this is not snobbery, but the secret of why she has the potential of greatness as an actress. She stoutly maintains, and those closest to (Continued on page 16)



FASCINATED, Grace lingers over a book during shopping tour.



NO FANFARE for her. She has a stern concept of personal dignity.



COMPOSED, but faced with a big decision—to buy or not to buy!



"THE COUNTRY GIRL" with Bill Holden and Bing Crosby, proves she has the potential of greatness as an actress.

while she has made Hollywood history Grace Kelly

her support her in this contention, that she *does* like people. She merely happens to like them in small doses, taken slowly. That, her supporters point out, is her nature. Since it is honest, they hold that it could not be snobbery because snobbery is an affectation.

Even if she had been disposed to relax her natural reluctance to share her private life with her public, her early encounters with movieland gossip columnists succeeded only in reinforcing her determination to bolt the doors on her personal affairs.

She was devastated by gossip items that fanned her friendship with Clark Gable and Ray Milland into romantic proportions, and even cast her in the role of a homewrecker when Milland was separated from his wife. She denounced these tidbits as slanderous untruths and inexcusable exaggerations, and it came as priceless irony when one syndicated keeper of Hollywood's morals who had been critical of Grace's alleged romantic excursions, saw fit to advise Miss Kelly in print:

"If she'll just use the cautious signal in guiding her private life, she'll not miss out on stardom."

Grace is not only cautious about protecting her pri-

vacy, she is adamant on the subject, but not, as might be suspected, to the point where it has become a psychosis.

I asked Grace why, feeling as strongly as she does about having her privacy violated, she wanted to be a movie actress, and I stumbled upon a vein of the wry Kelly wit.

"I like to make money," she deadpanned. "It is very gratifying to make money yourself."

She had no trouble convincing me she meant it when she went on to tell me:

"I'm very honest with myself. I know my good points and my bad."

Having been adequately briefed by others on her good points, I expressed interest in her bad points.

"Those," she smiled firmly, "I'm not going to tell."

As unorthodox as her attitude toward Hollywood has been, even those who are annoyed at her reluctance to lend herself to any further publicity binges are hesitant about questioning her wisdom.

"She could be right," one puzzled veteran of the Holly-



GRACE'S approach to Hollywood is completely professional. Her kicks come from her work rather than the adulation so many seek.

has also made enemies

wood drum beating wars mused. "She's a canny dame."

To this proposition, director Alfred Hitchcock, another of Grace's ardent boosters, lent terse support. Although he himself predicts screen greatness for Kelly, he refuses to be overly impressed by all the commotion made over her devotion to her craft.

"She'd be a fool not to be dedicated," he told me on the set of "To Catch A Thief."

A fool then, Grace Kelly is not. Nor a snob, nor a prima donna. As to those whom she might unwittingly have rubbed the wrong way, she has the grace—and the sense—to be philosophical.

"I've been so busy working," she explained to me, "that I haven't really realized what other people are saying."

Even if she does, the odds are that nothing she may happen to overhear will persuade Hollywood's new Garbo to change her views. As long as her performances continue to be of the same high calibre, her legend will grow, and the palace guards will mumble, but the peasants, being pretty sensible people, will gladly go on according her acclamation—as they did Garbo. **END**



HER most serious romance has been with Oleg Cassini, but there are doubts about their marrying. As usual, Grace isn't talking.



THE STARS AT PLAY

debbie's charleston party

WHO'S TIRED? Friend Tyler is, but Debbie's just warming up.

MARATHON Charleston with Leon Tyler was party high point.

**23 skidoo and
oh you kid, turn
the clock back
in what Debbie and
her pals did**





REAL PEPPY wind-up of Charleston is the cat's pajamas.

CONTINUED



TAB HUNTER showed up in flashy blazer and skimmer.

**the Roaring Twenties
were recreated in
Debbie's garage-
turned-playroom**



EDDIE FISHER and Debbie had a few moments together at the shindig which was well-chaperoned and bathtub gin-less. Isn't that a love-light shining in Eddie's eyes?



PAT CROWLEY and Lori Nelson, decked out like a couple of flappers, flanked Eddie Fisher during a relatively quiet moment.



RACE GENTRY is about to sample a cheese-filled celery stalk tendered by Lori Nelson. Plenty of grub kept all the guests happy.

WHAT'S THIS? The Charleston *again*? This time it's lovely Pat Crowley giving it a whirl with Leon Tyler, who apparently thrives on it.



END

ROCK HUDSON:

SCARED OF MARRIAGE?

he used to lead with his chin, but today he keeps his guard up
against all comers. can anyone make him fall?

BY PAUL BENEDICT

There is little that love-happy Hollywood follows with more fascination these days than the romantic fortunes of lanky, easy-going Rock Hudson who would, from all appearances, seem to have been waging a long and frighteningly successful battle to preserve his bachelorhood against a relentless onslaught of irresistible women.

Thus it was a matter of more than passing interest when the bushy-haired, boyish darling of Universal-International's star roster showed up in Paris before reporting for "Captain Lightfoot" in Ireland, on a sight-seeing safari with his co-star, Barbara Rush, Barbara's husband, Jeff Hunter, and the U-I script girl assigned to "Lightfoot."

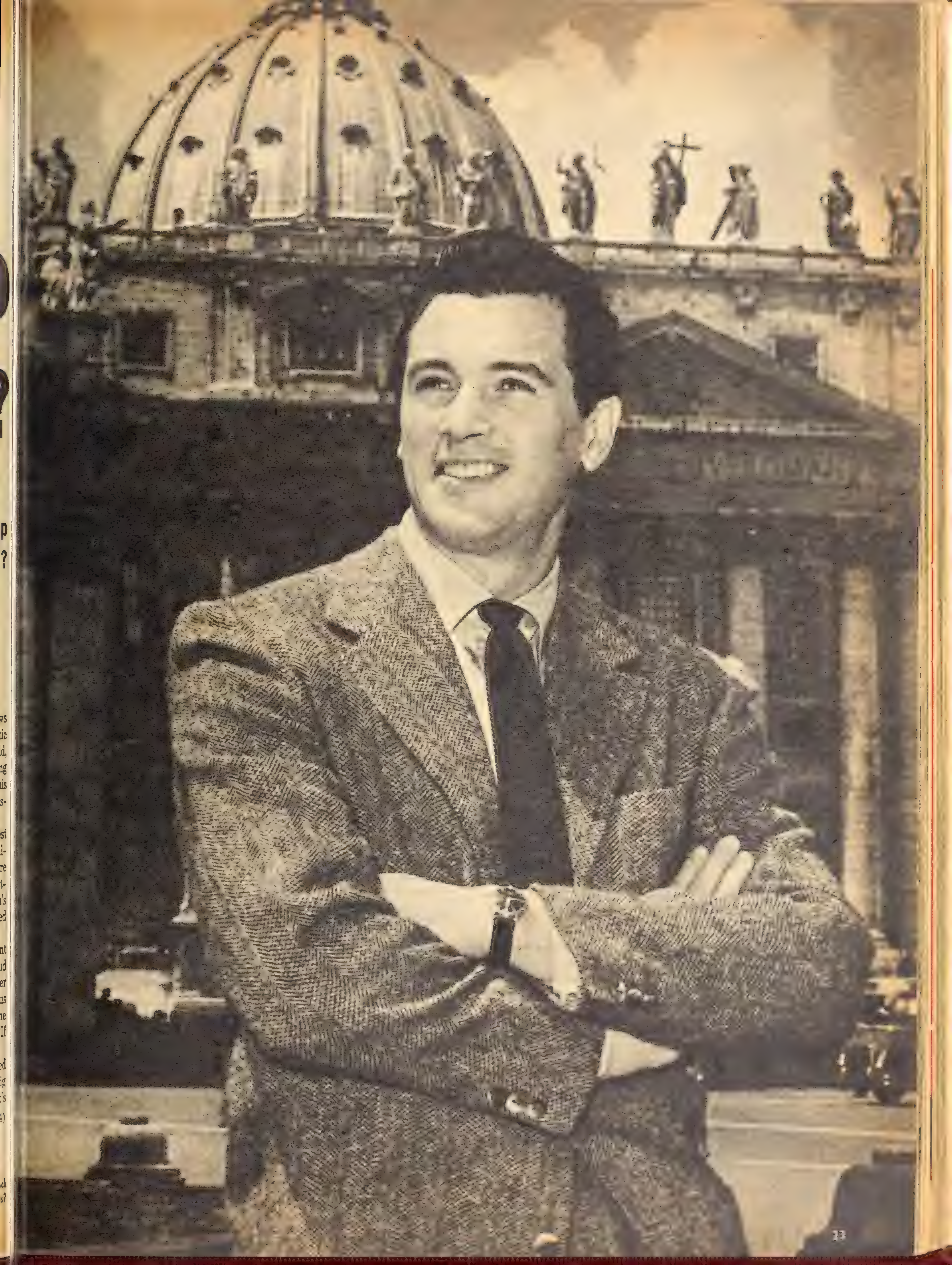
It was the identity of this girl that gave the incident more than pedestrian significance. For she was Bud Abbott's non-acting niece, Betty Abbott, the slender blonde who had been cornering the highly covetous Rock Hudson market until he sailed for Erin. As one wry observer of *l'affaire* Abbott-Hudson remarked, "If she doesn't make it now, she never will."

Rock, of course, returned from Europe as unattached as when he had left, and the comment about Betty's big chance might well prove prophetic. For since Rock's

(Continued on page 24)



◀ **HAVING FUN** with Barbara Rush and Mamie Van Doren. Is Rock simply waiting for the right girl or are his intentions strictly frivolous?





PHYLLIS GATES is the latest to catch Rock's eye. Her breezy personality and sense of humor are two virtues much to Rock's taste.

BETTY ABBOTT is Rock's most constant date; it is believed by many that when and if Rock finally does marry, she will be the one.



Rock's relationships with movie queens are only casual; he regards them as bad marriage risks

homecoming, he has continued to date Betty, to be sure, but just as she failed to monopolize his attentions on the Continent, she has put no brand on his heart back in Hollywood.

European beauties from Ireland to Italy behaved as if it were open season on Rock, and he did nothing to discourage their charming aggressions. During a three-day London stopover en route to the Paris reunion with Betty, Rock renewed acquaintances with a lovely and composed English actress named Jill Clifford. But expected—and, in some quarters, hoped for—romantic repercussions didn't come off. Whatever Jill's Elizabeth Taylor-like allure, Rock managed to tear himself away.

Back in Hollywood, he provided new grist for the gossip mills by showing up at bistros like the Moulin Rouge, Ciro's, Villanova, and the Captain's Table with a sparkling, blue-eyed doll named Phyllis Gates. Rock didn't have to wander far to discover Phyllis. He found her in the office of his agent, Henry Willson, where Phyllis toils as an assistant agent and secretary. Because of her work, she is in a position to understand Rock's professional problems, and to share in, rather than compete with, the excitements of his career. She hails from a small town with largely the same mid-western background as Rock. And since these assets are wrapped up in a fetching, poised package, the area of potential would seem wide indeed.

Rock, and those in whom he confides, insists, at least at this stage, that it is nothing more than friendship with the willowy brunette, a former airline hostess with a breezy personality and a gay sense of humor, two virtues very much to Rock's taste.

But while Phyllis has caught Rock's eye, Betty Abbott has not gone into eclipse, total or otherwise. So the seemingly endless see-saw for Rock's affection goes on.

But the time has come—in fact it has been long overdue—to examine the truth about Rock Hudson's bachelorhood.

Does he start running every time he sees the marriage gleam in a girl's eyes, or is he merely waiting to recognize that gleam in the right set of distaff peepers? Does he actually flit in and out of every amour with a sandwich sign proclaiming: "Intentions Strictly Frivolous?" Or could it be that this fundamentally uncomplicated guy has no preconceived notions whatever, frivolous or solemn, when he dates a fair young maiden? Has he really declared a moratorium on marriage, or has marriage declared a moratorium on him?

Does he have to be brain- (Continued on page 26)



JULIA ADAMS is occasionally escorted to Hollywood functions by Rock, but there's no romance.



LORI NELSON is another glamour girl Rock sometimes dates for premieres.



PIPER LAURIE and Rock are stars at the same studio so that gives them something in common.



TERRY MOORE'S vivaciousness appeals to Rock. They're alike in that they both play the field.

Rock's attitude is: "let marriage find me." But will it?



ANY GIRL aspiring to relieve Rock of his bachelorhood had better not be horrified at seeing her husband romp around in shorts.



ROCK'S wife would have to give up any notion of reforming him and instead share his enthusiasm for casual dressing and living.



HE'LL brook no suppression of his personality. Prefers to spend evenings at home listening to records and music on the radio.

washed of bachelor habits before he is ready for wedding bells? Does he fear marriage as a trap that'd rob him of his freedom? Are there any remaining phases of maturing he feels he has to go through? Or is he merely waiting for—and willing to let—marriage find him?

Rock, like any other man with the wisdom to learn as he yearns, is the sum of his experiences. And his experiences with Hollywood women, at least one of whom he had sought for his bride, had caused him to reach the rather painful conclusion that for him marriage to an actress would be disastrous.

Rock may not have a long face, but he does have a long memory. His attitude toward actresses is colored by his recollection of Hollywood dolls who wouldn't be caught dead looking at him when he was a newcomer, but who made spectacles gushing over him as soon as he made his mark as a star. It is colored also by recollections of disillusionment when in good faith he went on dates with Hollywood beauties only to discover that he had been trapped into publicity parties or other ballyhooed expeditions. And it is colored perhaps most of all by his ill-fated romance with Vera-Ellen.

For a year, he paid exclusive, warm-hearted court to Vera. Rock was about as gone as any goose gets, and although it might not have been a matter of wide public knowledge, marriage was very much on his mind. It would be difficult to pinpoint just where disintegration set in, but there was no overt break between Rock and Vera. When the romance was not resolved, as Rock devoutly wished it to be, in marriage, they began

and with whom?



ROCK doesn't want to be pinned down to set dinner hours or to suffer any regimentation.



"CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT": In his new film, Rock takes time out from activities as an Irish patriot to woo Barbara Rush, headstrong daughter of a co-conspirator.

drifting apart until they didn't see each other anymore.

While Rock seems to have survived this great disappointment of his life with no visible scars, it can scarcely be doubted that it must have left a mark on his thinking, and must have contributed to his low opinion of the capacity and willingness of actresses to adjust adequately to the demands of marriage.

Rock shapes up not so much as a man hell-bent on bachelorhood as a man hell-bent on the right kind of marriage. He kept leading with his chin, and as time went on he suffered other jolts. He became tremendously enamored of a well-known Hollywood divorcee, a few years older than he, but human nature being the sad mess it sometimes is, this woman lost Rock when she fell into the trap of her own insecurity. She made the fatal error of doubting Rock's sincerity, and accusing him of feigning affection for her because of what she could do for him.

Bitterness did not overtake Rock. He lost none of his fundamental gentility. He did not moralize or blame people for being what they were, and what, manifestly, they could not help being. Nevertheless, the impact of these disappointments helped him to crystallize what it was that he wanted in a woman and he naturally gravitated in that direction.

The truth about Rock Hudson's bachelorhood, in short, is that it is as vulnerable as a sitting duck in a shooting gallery. It will topple when the right girl comes along. The idea of marriage in itself holds no

terrors for Rock. The thought of a bad marriage scares the daylights out of him.

Any girl who aspires to relieve Rock of his bachelor identity would first have to relieve herself of any notions of reforming him. She'd better not be possessive. Jealous females are anathema to Rock. She'd better share his enthusiasms for casual dressing and casual living. She'd better not be horrified at seeing her husband romp around the house in shorts or less. He's not much for night-clubbing. She'd better share his love for listening to records—and music on radio, for killing an evening lounging around the house. She'd better not have any ideas of making him jettison his old friends.

Big star that Rock now is, she'd better not try to persuade him that it's beneath his station to wash his own car. She'd better not flirt with any plans of fitting him into domestic routine. The only routine he's willing to submit himself to is studio routine. He doesn't want to be pinned down to hard and fast dinner hours, or to suffer any regimentation. And he'll brook no suppression of his personality. Rock Hudson's woman will not make the sad *faux pas* of jockeying him or pushing him around.

The inescapable conclusion is that the days of Rock Hudson's bachelorhood are numbered. There is no question but that he is inexorably headed for the altar. The question is what fair damsel will take this coveted husky by the hand and lead him to the preacher.

Rock Hudson's attitude: Let marriage find me. And it will!

END



COMPLETELY shattered by her broken marriage, Marilyn was unable to hide her feelings at the divorce trial.

MARILYN MONROE

MELANCHOLY BABY

is Marilyn's emotional security compatible with her
having a career? must she give up one for the other?

BY JANE MASON

Her fame and fortune have cost a pretty price—and Marilyn Monroe is paying it. Strange, that this girl who is the greatest sex symbol of our time, should find it so difficult to find what thousands—even millions—of women leading unspectacular lives have—emotional security and happiness.

Until that momentous day in early October when the story of her separation from Joe DiMaggio hit the front pages, the mountainous fan mail received by this goddess of love indicated she was the most envied doll in the land. Women of all ages wrote they'd gladly change places with her and many younger ones imitated her. Didn't she have everything? Thousands of men adoring her, a world-famed husband, world-wide popularity of her own, the most extravagant of mink coats and cars, a swimming pool, a whopping big salary?

But when the eager public read column after column which hashed and rehashed the story of her life, it made them, especially the women, think. As one astute young housewife summed it up:

"I think I have something in my favor which Marilyn didn't have: a happy life, a wonderful childhood, a fine family and lots of friends. This has given me peace of mind and emotional security. Marilyn's horribly unhappy early life apparently left her longing for affection and adulation, dreading poverty and insecurity. So she has over-compensated by making her career, her success, the most important thing in her life."

Shortly before Joe made his typically terse statement of "I'll never be back," and left their Beverly Hills home, he had been in New York with Marilyn for her location work on "The Seven Year Itch." It (Continued on page 30)



MARILYN is the greatest symbol of sex in our time.



STUDIO hairdresser tends to Marilyn's coiffure before shooting starts.

**To offset her deeply-rooted
feeling of inferiority,
Marilyn needs recognition and
this she finds in her career**

was during this time that Marilyn's pictures with skirts blowing up hit the prints. The stunt was part of the script, but Joe didn't like it. He made it obvious. There were quarrels.

Throughout his own career, in which he became a national hero, Joe avoided publicity. He's quiet, shy, reticent—an introvert. He loathed Hollywood chi-chi in any form, especially big parties, premieres—the things which Marilyn found attractive and necessary to her career. A friend of Joe's said recently, "Joe wanted a wife, not a star."

Several months before their separation, one of Marilyn's co-workers prophesied, "If it's ever a question with her of marriage or career, the marriage may go. She's fought and worked so hard to reach her goal. To offset her deeply-rooted feeling of inferiority she needs recognition, acceptance, and this she finds in her career."

Marilyn apparently recognized her conflict long ago; she was treated by a psychiatrist for three years. And her off-beat life story, her fame, her short-lived marriages have prompted many local psychiatrists, both professional and amateur, to remote analyses of her situation. One said, "I doubt if Marilyn is capable of a lasting relationship with any man. When a woman becomes a big star, it's almost a sure way of self-destruction. A child must have attention from without, but when you grow up you must have something *inside* to sustain you. A star gets so much from the outside—applause and adulation—that she loses whatever she had inside, particularly if she had an unhappy childhood. She loses a sense of values. She is a child again."

Harsh words, those. But consider how few big feminine stars have had lasting marriages.

The most important question for Marilyn's fans who feel a deep-rooted interest in her future is: Can she ever find happiness? Seemingly she has known it briefly, but only briefly, in two broken marriages. Or can her career give her what she wants? Let's, as the politicians say, look at the record.

Marilyn's early life provides an all-time high in Cinderella stories. She was born Norma Jean Mortenson on June 1, 1926 at Los Angeles General Hospital. Her father was already dead and her mother, a one-time film cutter, was mentally ill and unable to care for her. As an alumna of the Los Angeles Orphanage, she grew up in eleven different foster homes, never finding the security and love necessary to the development of a well-adjusted youngster. It was a bitter experience.

Then, before she was 16, Marilyn, anything but the beauty she is today, fell in love and married James Dougherty, a neighborhood boy. She had a home at last and happiness. She even packed love notes in his lunch box, told Jim that she cooked "carrots and peas together because the colors looked pretty on a plate." They had a quiet life, usually staying home evenings.

But Dougherty, now a Los Angeles policeman happily remarried and the father of three daughters, recalls that "Norma Jean never wanted children." He went off to war as a merchant seaman and she went to work in a parachute factory. Her picture in a company magazine brought her to the attention of a photographer who in turn suggested that she learn something about modeling and took her to the Blue Book Models School. Photographers liked her enthusiasm and diligence. She learned to pose, to "smile lower," and soon she was appearing in ads and even on magazine covers. Later she had a screen test at 20th Century-Fox and was given a stock contract at \$75 a week.

(Continued on page 32)



MARILYN went after a movie career with singleness of purpose. She concentrated on learning to act, to walk, to pose, to beautify herself.



All during this period, with Jim overseas, she didn't date anyone else, according to the other models. They also recall that if she had any acting ambitions, before she was invited to make her first screen test, she kept the fact a secret.

But somewhere along in there she hitched her wagon to the glamor star. When Jim returned home he found Marilyn changed; she felt she needed to be single to find film fame. She went to Las Vegas and got a divorce.

After that she went after a film career with singleness of purpose. While other girls were dating, she concentrated on learning to act, to walk, to beautify herself.

One day in 1951 Marilyn met Joe DiMaggio on a blind date. He was world famous and she at that time was just another struggling young actress; her nude calendar wasn't out yet and her real publicity campaign had not even started.

"I liked his seriousness," she said then. "I can spot a phony and this man was real." They started dating.

Marilyn's career went into high gear. She became a star. Column after column and photo after photo recorded her latest sayings—usually quite uninhibited—and doings. Hollywood and the world were at her feet when last January she and Joe were married.

Marilyn's quotes to the press then took on the homey-folksy quality. She told newsmen she built her marriage around one rule: Keep your man happy with everything from a special television chair to breakfast in a big, double bed. She confided that she sometimes even ironed a shirt for Joe. But she was also working hard in "There's No Business Like Show Business" and would come home exhausted. Joe watched TV or went out for long poker sessions. Marilyn would sleep or study.

In her divorce testimony she said that Joe went into moods and didn't speak to her for days and that he never wanted her to have friends at the house.

Her health was not good. She had virus infections, allergies, headaches and frequent colds and she was anemic. All these, according to the psychosomatic theory of medicine, usually are related to emotional difficulties, nervous strain, deep-seated fears or insecurities. Although her marriage had brought her some emotional security, it also presented additional conflict for she was being pulled in two directions.

At the Santa Monica courtroom where she received her divorce, she was smartly dressed, but she appeared weary and somewhat drawn. She smiled only when asked to by photographers and then unconvincingly. Later when asked if she thought she'd marry again, she said, "Of course I'm not thinking of that yet. I'm not dating anybody and have no plans to. But I hope to marry again. I still want to have a baby."

So the unanswered question stands—can Marilyn find happiness?

In her success she has found one answer to her need for recognition and acceptance, an answer to her fears. But she's still a woman and wants another answer to her need for emotional security—home, husband and family. Will she be able to cope with both career and marriage in the future?

At any rate, thousands of Marilyn's fans have come to a greater understanding of their blonde favorite, have realized that certainly in her case all the glitter was not gold. She's been paying the price for her fame and glory. And those fans sincerely hope that someday she can find real, lasting happiness.

END

JOE LIKED THIS . . .



FOR a time, it seemed the DiMaggios could make a go of marriage.

MARILYN didn't object to this type of publicity, seemed to enjoy it.



BUT . . .



THEN, Marilyn had to make scenes in New York for "Seven Year Itch."

◀ HE DIDN'T LIKE THAT



JOE, watching film being shot with Walter Winchell, is irked by it all.

THE STUNT was part of the script, but still Joe wouldn't accept it.

WILL she be able to cope with a career *and* marriage in the future?



"HE DIDN'T TRY TO KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT"

By LORI NELSON

AN ORCHID for Lori. Tab's relaxed and attentive on date.



"on my first date with Tab

The first date I had with Tab Hunter amazed me. He didn't try to kiss me good-night. Tab is so tall and good-looking in a clean, outdoors, athletic sort of way, with his unruly blond hair, and that flash of interest and love of life in his blue eyes that I fully expected to be swept right off my feet!

I had slight misgivings for having accepted the date—and my mother and father seemed a little anxious as we left to drive off in Tab's little coupe of ancient vintage. Father didn't say it, but he was thinking, I could tell by the rise of his brow: "Drive carefully, son. Don't let anything happen to our daughter."

Tab seemed aware of Daddy's thoughts, because he turned back after helping me in the car and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Nelson, I'll have Lori home early after the premiere—that is if you don't mind if we stop for a sandwich."

From that moment on, I have always looked forward to a date with Tab. My parents adore him, and I think he is one of the most interesting and most different boys I have ever met. I also think he has a certain code and such a wonderful set of values on life that he can't miss being one of the big stars in this business.

On the way to the premiere that first night, Tab was talkative—with something worthwhile and interesting to talk about. There were none of those long pauses or attempts to make conversation. He is thoroughly relaxed and knows where he is going and what he wants out of life. He has a great depth of sincerity and a tremendous enthusiasm, coupled with faith in people and a certain humility that endears him to everyone. When the fans stopped him for autographs, he was still mindful of me and was not carried away with the attentions.

Later, we went to the Mocambo, and I presumed he was a regular patron. I learned later, however, that at that time for Tab to take a date to the Mocambo could mean he'd eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches at home for the rest of the week to make up the difference. His earnings had to go for skating lessons and his horse, and sometimes his spending money ran out during long waits between pictures. He took me to the Mocambo because he thought I'd like to go. And when he deposited me on my doorstep, we still had so much to talk about that it didn't seem possible the evening had ended.

Tab called the next day. "Hi! How are you? This is Tab. I hope I'm not calling too early," he said. My watch had nine a.m. straight up. "I've been getting up at six every morning for so long, that it's hard for me to wait for people to get up so I can make my calls," he said half-apologetically. "How's your father? Your mother? And how's Ricky?" Ricky's my Boston bull. Tab was really interested in his inquiries about my family. "Would you like to go out to an early dinner and show next week?" he asked. He was asking for a date a week in advance. I said yes, that I would love to. Tab replied, "Fine—good—I'll call you later." There was no honey-doll, baby-doll salutations, and his conversation was brief. But he seemed sincere.

Tab chose the Encore, a quiet (Continued on page 37)

Hunter, I expected to be swept off my feet—was I surprised!"





TAB confesses his love for Mona Freeman in "Battle Cry." Right: A note for the girl he can't forget as he heads for Marine boot camp.

"BATTLE CRY"

GIRLS and bars break routine of the Marines' rugged life and Tab, who is trying to stay true to Mona, is twitted by Perry Lopez.



"although his movie career is really booming, Tab hasn't forgotten how to be a gentleman—or a man, either!"

little restaurant to dine. He ordered a wonderful dinner and we topped it with cheese cake.

We talked and forgot about the movie we had planned on seeing. "I never thought of a picture career," he said in reply to my question. "My first love is skating. Some day, Lori, I hope to be a top skater. I'm working real hard at it. And I love horses. I want to make good in pictures—but I am still going along with skating."

Three years and many dates later, Tab and I are still very good friends. We were dining again at the Encore. "This is where we first came," he laughed. Now Tab is almost twenty-three and I am twenty-one. He had just finished "Battle Cry" for Warner Bros. and was starting "Track Of The Cat." The day had been Tab's red letter day. He had passed his fifth test in amateur skating. Also, a national poll had selected him as one of the top ten new stars headed for box-office popularity. Had this changed Tab or his ideals or his plans?

"People say they change—that Hollywood changes them," Tab observed in a reflective mood. "People should only change for the better as they progress."

"Too much is made of the gossip and glamour of our business. You know, Lori, when some of these remarkable things happen to me in pictures, I always remember that I am still Art Gelien, amateur ice skater. I still love to work hard and play hard."

In the three years I have known Tab, his moods move from high to low and bounce back when he has been between pictures too long. For a long while his chief concern was keeping his horse. "All my life I dreamed of a horse of my own," he'd say. Finally the horse had to go when it didn't seem another picture was in sight. Then presto! he was making another picture and he was happy again. He bought a new flamingo red Ford convertible. Tab was so excited. "I used to feel embarrassed," he told me, "driving you up to a premiere in my other car when you were dressed so beautifully. This car does you justice."

Tab and I were invited to a costume party on Halloween. "If you are all dressed up with feathers and a Marie Antoinette wig, you can't have fun," Tab said. "Let's just go as clowns and have a good time."

Tab and I had more laughs getting ready for the party. We'd gone to Western Costume and rented big clown shoes, and oversize pants in which we had to stuff pillows. I obtained white and black and brown clown make-up from U-I, where I was making "Destry." No one recognized us when we first arrived at the party.

Each time we go to a party or to some friend's house to dinner, on the way home Tab will often say, "It would be wonderful to have your own home, your own . . ." then he'll stop. "I can't think about getting married for a long time," he'll sigh. "I've got to establish myself and get settled first."

Tab's mother had a difficult time when she was left with two small boys to raise alone. "My mother held down two jobs to feed my brother and me. I try to

make it up to Mom today for all of the sacrifices she made."

One day Tab was quite upset. That was the day he had moved out of the apartment he had always shared with his mother to "go out on my own. I'm twenty-one, and it wasn't fair of me to stay at home and take the best years of her life. She is so attractive and still young, and with me out of the way she'll meet new people and maybe some day remarry and have all of the security and happiness she deserves." Later, when his mother was ill, Tab, filled with remorse, moved back until her recovery. I so admire his consideration and real affection for his mother. He loves to pick out clothes for her and I know that when she recovered from her illness he had a new dress, gloves, hat and pearls to surprise her. He is very clothes-conscious and always comments on what I am wearing. He likes simple, smart clothes, and sometimes (Continued on page 38)

ONLY 23, there's still much of the mischievous little boy in Tab.



"Tab's home is a two-room apartment, but like all bachelors he likes to step out—and he's always a wonderful date"



HE'S brief on the phone; never calls a girl "honey-doll."

CONSERVATIVE in dress, Tab prefers girls in simple clothes.



when we're going to a premiere, he'll bring an orchid.

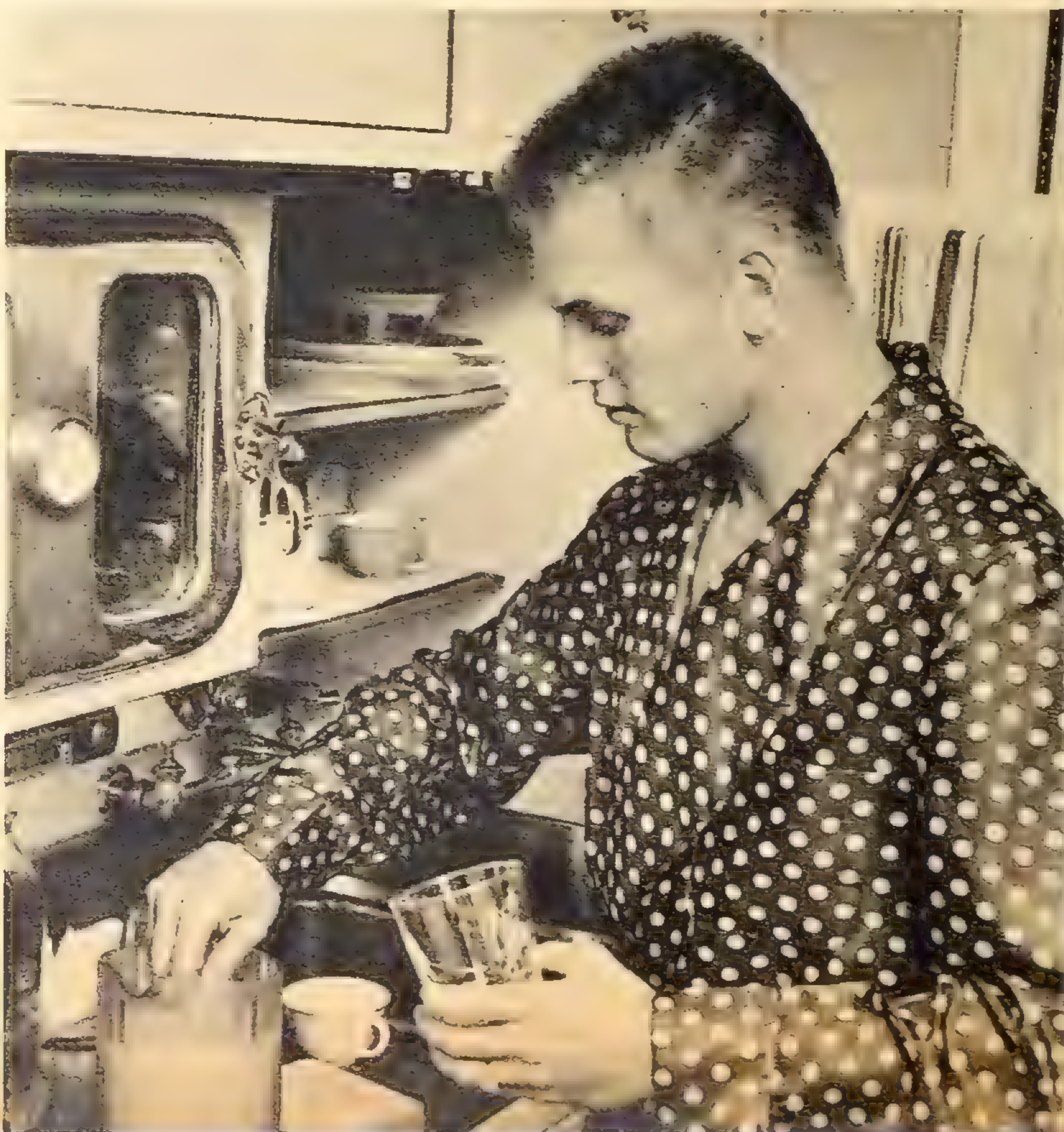
The night before a recent premiere, I saw Tab on Peter Potter's "Juke Box Jury" TV show on which guest stars decide whether as yet unreleased records will be hits or misses. Tab again was completely honest, giving his constructive criticism. There were only two out of six records he liked. "I guess I'm skate-happy," he said apologetically, but sticking to his convictions.

We each had other dates for the premiere. At the theatre someone called to me. It was Tab. "Lori, you look beautiful," he said, taking me in his arms and giving me an affectionate kiss. He told me he had been skating every morning for weeks and weeks for his tests. "I have to get on the ice from 5:30 to 8 in the morning, before it's time to go to the studio," he said. "By eight at night I'm home in bed." I was so pleased, so genuinely pleased that he had passed his test. Tab had offered to teach me to ice skate. "When you're such an expert, how could you want to take time to teach me?" I asked. "I have a dream, Lori," he said. "Some day I hope I can make the life story of Hans Brinker—of the silver skates. If you can skate too, maybe we could be together in the picture."

The first few times Tab brought me home from a date, as I said, he didn't try to kiss me good-night. But when he did, it was a nice, affectionate, sincere kiss. Not one of those just-kiss-kiss-kiss things which mean nothing and girls might expect, but with sincerity, and then, "Goodnight, Honey."

Tab is the nicest boy I have ever met. I always have such fun and a wonderful time when I'm with him. **END**

TWO years ago Tab "went on his own," baching it in an apartment.





TAB is tall and good-looking in a clean, outdoors, athletic sort of way with his unruly blond hair and love of life in his blue eyes.

THE STARS AT HOME



PAPA Dick Powell is on his way to the office, the RKO studios where Dick's become a producer. Junie bids her man a wifely "goodbye."

ENTERTAINING Ricky and Pam when their dad's away is, of course, Junie's job. Here they are taking a whirl on the kiddie slide.



JUNIE AND HER KIDS

*when papa's away
Junie, Pamela and
Ricky do play
on their 58-acre
estate in Mandeville
Canyon. There's
plenty of elbow
room for everyone*



READING a story to the kids is one way of keeping them happy. Pam is now six; Ricky, three-and-a-half. Isn't Ricky a ringer for his dad?
CONTINUED



BRUSHING Ricky's hair requires concentration, but Ricky takes it with all the poise and aplomb of his famous dad. Nothing bothers him.

taking care of a couple of lively youngsters isn't an easy job for a working mother, but Junie seems to thrive on it



BICYCLING is fun, but Ricky prefers to hitch a ride with Mom.



AFFECTIONATE Junie has plenty of kisses for both Pamela and Ricky.



TYING Ricky's shoe laces is still a job for our girl June.



SPRUCING up Ricky is practically a full-time job, but Pam helps, too.

END



PATRICK WAYNE says:

“DON'T TANGLE WITH MY DAD”

The morning I reported for work in Columbia's "The Long Gray Line," I couldn't help hearing one grip remark to another, "That's John Wayne's kid. I bet his ol' man got him the job. . . ."

I'm sure they had neither expected me to overhear them, nor to answer back, "No, he didn't!"

By their expressions I could see that they didn't believe me. I guess at 15 I'm not too convincing. But it was true. Dad neither got me this job, nor any other. He insists that my older brother, Michael, and I make our own way, as he did when he grew up.

Of course, he doesn't put any obstacles in our way, and the fact that he is my father has helped a great deal. But when we were in Ireland during the filming of "The Quiet Man," for instance, Mike and I had approached Uncle Jack—that's director John Ford—to give us a little part in it so we'd have some extra spending money. And it was Uncle Jack who got me the part in "The Long Gray Line," which he's directing. Dad wouldn't even coach me. "Your Uncle Jack is better qualified for it than I am," he said. And he meant it.

Dad told us how he worked his way up the hard way—as a grip, as prop-man, assistant director, and bit player. He told us about his ups-and-downs, and emphasized that the sooner we learn to take care of ourselves, the better off we are. "There's no short-cut to success," he insisted. "The only way to get to the top is by hard work, by giving your all." And he wasn't referring only to work in pictures, because none of us—neither Michael, who's 19, myself, nor my sisters, Toni, 18, and Melinda, 13—know exactly what we want to do when we're grown-up.

I was never quite sure what Dad had meant by "giving your all," till I accompanied him to Camargo, Mexico, last summer, when he made "Hondo." Being a partner in the company, he took an active part in the production as well as starring in the film.

One afternoon, Dad walked (Continued on page 46)



PROUD Pop touches up Pat's uniform for "The Long Gray Line."

*"nothing is too tough for my
Pop, John Wayne, whether it's
digging ditches, wrestling an
Indian in the broiling sun,
or taking time out for a round
of football with us boys"*

"weekends with Dad are always fun; he'll hunt anything from a duck to a bargain when he's with us"



"TO US, Dad is more pal than father, possibly because we don't live with him. But when he feels fatherly authority is needed he administers it."

up to some natives from a nearby village who were digging a trench for a scene in the film. They moved at a snail's pace. After Dad watched them a few seconds, he became impatient. "Anda," he shouted at them. "Anda—pronto!" Whether they understood his Spanish or didn't, I don't know. But at any rate they didn't shift into second.

As Dad watched them a few more minutes, I could see that his temper rose to match the heat of the day. Finally he couldn't control himself any longer. He jumped into the trench, took off his shirt, grabbed the shovel from one of the astonished Mexicans, and for 15 minutes dug furiously—until he had accomplished more than the six of them all afternoon. "ANDA!" he shouted again as he threw the shovel back into the hands of the Mexican. All of a sudden they understood what he had meant. And from that moment on you should have seen them dig!

However, Dad's harder on himself than on anyone around him. The day after the shovel incident, he was

in a scene in which—from atop a hill—he jumped on an Indian and shoved a knife in his side. It was a hard scene, particularly in the heat which all but knocked out every member of the cast and crew.

Everyone thought his jump and stab were just fine. Everyone but Dad, that is. "Could you see the Indian while I stuck the knife in him?" he asked the camera man.

"No, I didn't. I don't think it's that important. . . ."

"I think it is. The script called for it. . . ."

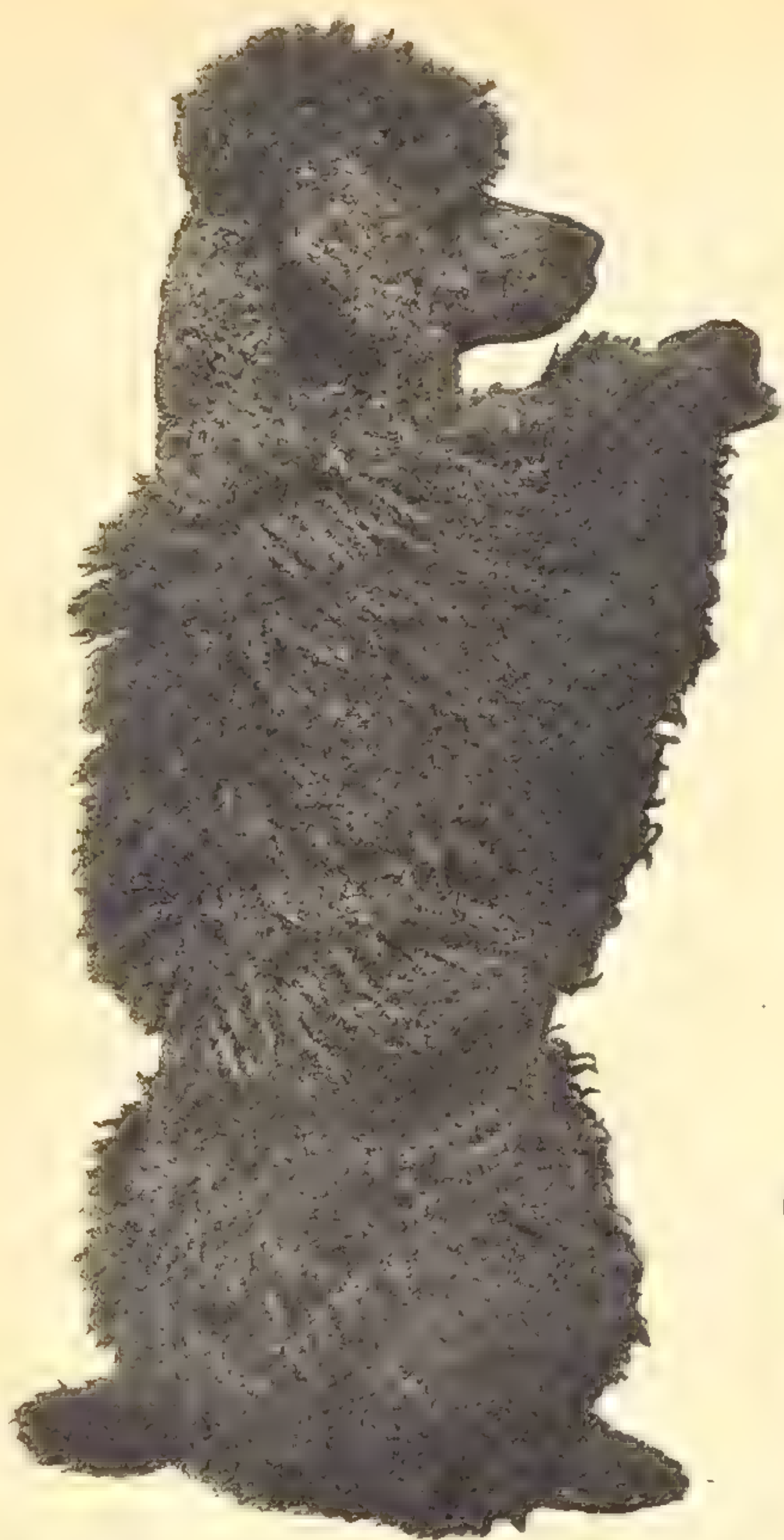
"But you don't have to climb up that hill and make the jump all over again," the director assured him. "We can fake it a little. . . ."

"Not on this picture," said Dad. And before it was "just right," he had climbed up and jumped down six more times. And at 137 degrees Fahrenheit!

But Dad isn't really as tough as he appears at times. As a matter of fact, he can be quite sentimental. With all the responsibility of starring in and co-producing "Hondo" last year, which meant working from dawn to ten at night, every day of the (Continued on page 70)



JOHN and his wife Pilar Palette relax at a recent Hollywood party. He may work the hardest, but he knows everyone needs a little play.



"DORIS DAY IS MY BOSS"

A POODLE'S-EYE VIEW BY "SMUDGY"

"she stumbled over me—that's how we met—she apologized, and well . . ."



A BLUE-EYED blonde looked down at me. "I'm Doris Day," she said, and in that moment I knew we were meant for each other.

There comes a time in every dog's life when he finds it hard to hurdle a six-foot fence, when he has gained a few extra pounds around the waist, and when he is content to lie quietly in the sun and think.

I lie now upon a high chaise lounge in Doris Day's yard, my eyes half-closed against the morning sun. On the thick grass Marty and Terry are playing catch, while my mistress sleeps in the sun, as lazy for once as I am.

As I reflect upon the seven years of my life, remembered incidents take fire in the sun—the evening I bit Bill Holden's police dog, the time I brought my mistress a brick as a present and broke the toe of the friend who was with her, the night she took my paws between her hands and told me she was going to be married.

But all those things happened in my adulthood, not at the beginning. In the beginning, I was born. I was born of two noble parents—the Marquis and Marquise Roi Noir du Lac—who saw to it that the first months of my life were spent in acquiring that knowledge of manners, genealogy, and formal etiquette without which no well-born French poodle is allowed to enter into society.

Alas, for such pride and education. Before I was six months old, I had been sold, chained, flogged, fondled by sniveling children, and forced to endure night after night of dull conversation. Suddenly I knew I had to get away.

I ran like I had never run before in all my life—ran until my paws were bloody. The world was before me—wild and inviting. I would search it through until I found a master to follow, to walk behind.

I intelligently decided that the obvious place to look for one would be Beverly Hills, so noon found me stretched out on the sidewalk of Beverly Drive. I was approached by many people. (Continued on page 50)



MARTY likes to take my picture and he often calls my mistress over to watch. Of course, I give him my good profile.



I'M NOT JEALOUS of that monkey at Moulin Rouge, for one day I found out quite dramatically how much my mistress loved me.

DORIS DAY continued

"I'm of noble lineage, but

None of the men I saw suited me. I was about to give up when a man with wavy black hair and deep black eyes parked his car. I gave him my paw. He gave me his hand. From his voice I knew he was English. One of my ancestors had died at the battle of Waterloo, but we French poodles are quick to forgive, so I drove home with him. I walked happily into his house and I was met by thirteen cats. I walked right out again. My benefactor seemed to understand, so he boarded me in the pound while he advertised for my owners.

At the end of a month my benefactor paid my board



TERRY, Doris' son, also made friends with the monkey when his mother took him to Moulin Rouge's Sunday matinee.

I don't mind at all being called Smudgepot by her"

bill. He had an appointment with a photographer, Jack Freeman, and he took me along. Jack and I liked each other and so my benefactor presented me to Jack.

For a week I lay peevishly in the middle of his studio floor, tripping my share of clients. On the seventh day someone stumbled over me and said, "Jack, what's that old smudgepot doing in the middle of the floor?"

I liked the voice immediately and stood up, since I was taught never to greet a lady while lying down.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the voice said. A blonde head with bright blue eyes came down to my level. "Did I insult you? Please forgive me."

I gave her my paw. I wanted to assure her that Chevalier Noir du Lac would not mind at all being called a smudgepot by her.

"I'm Doris Day," she said, and I must admit that I forgot my dignity just enough to wag my tail. In fact, in that one moment I knew I had acquired a mistress and no master would ever do for me. I gathered all of Jack's discarded flash bulbs and brought them to her.

She must have felt the same way, because she took me home. When we walked into the kitchen, my mistress' mother screamed and dropped a plate of spaghetti sauce on my head. My mistress' mother, unfortunately, had not had the pleasure of seeing a French poodle before. I licked the spaghetti sauce, discovered that she was a wonderful cook, and we were friends.

It was a nice life. That first year I considered myself the man of the house and I patrolled the grounds every morning and evening, picking up anything my mistress might have left in the yard and making sure that no stranger was around.

At six o'clock each night I stood at the front gate, with a present for my mistress wrapped between my teeth. I liked to surprise her so sometimes I brought a bone, sometimes a pretty rock, sometimes an attractive geometric shape from the rubbish pile. She was always properly grateful and surprised. We would walk together into the living-room; then she would kick off her shoes and relax. It was my job to take them upstairs for her.

After supper we would rehearse. She would go over her script for me while I listened with a critical ear. Later, when I had curled up on the foot of her bed for the night, she told me any problems she had had during the day. Naturally, I was always on her side. It is a dog's privilege, you know, not to consider right and wrong, and my sympathy always seemed to help.

It was a good life, and only one thing worried me. I could not be sure that she loved me as much as I loved her. I found out quite dramatically.

I was sunning myself on the porch when my mistress' mother decided to back the car into the driveway. I assisted. When we had backed the car to my satisfaction, the telephone rang. My mistress' mother ran to the house, leaving me in the car.

I prepared to wait (she sometimes talked for an hour or more). But this time, three hours passed and she still hadn't returned. (I learned (Continued on page 52)



MY LIFE changed when Doris married Marty, but I was glad he was the one since he knew the right height to bounce tennis balls.



A FAST GAME of catch (I always retrieve the balls) often plays havoc with Doris' pedal pushers but Marty comes to the rescue.

**"Doris is always so gay
I almost forgot how well
she can emote 'til
I saw 'Young at Heart'"**



I DIDN'T know there was a dog in her new film. Hm, I wonder . . .

"YOUNG AT HEART"

MOODY but brilliant Frank Sinatra is the cause of Doris' sadness.



later that she had forgotten about me.) Then another hour went by, and I heard her whistling and calling me. It seemed undignified to bark back at her, so I waited.

Less than fifteen minutes later, my mistress came home and ran to the front porch. "Smudgy," she shouted. "Smudgy."

I felt so choked up I couldn't even bark.

Then she and her mother disappeared down the street. I barked, but they didn't hear me. I watched them stop at each house and ask for me. I jumped into the front seat and barked louder. My mistress started running towards me. She opened the door and held me so tightly I could hardly breathe and I didn't even care, because I could feel her tears against my fur.

It was only a few weeks after this that we were about to go to sleep when she took both my paws between her hands and said, "Smudgy, I'm going to tell you something I haven't told anyone. I'm going to be married."

She looked at me and I felt obliged to smile and wag my tail, although I was really wondering how this would affect us.

She seemed to know what I was thinking. "Don't worry, Smudgy," she said. "Marty and I couldn't do without you."

It made me feel a great deal better to know that it was Marty she was going to marry, since he already knew the right way to scratch my ears and the correct height to bounce tennis balls. He wouldn't have to be trained. And yet it did give me a funny feeling to realize that my life was going to change.

I didn't have to worry. Marty and my mistress got married and went on a honeymoon while I stayed home to guard the house.

The big change came a few months later. We moved. The new house had a volleyball court and a swimming pool and lots more ground to protect so I grew quite ferocious towards dangerous people like the milkman. Someone had left a pile of bricks in the yard so I had a new gift to bring my mistress each night. I learned to do a very good swan dive off the high board by watching Marty, and the people next door had a tennis court so I was properly supplied with balls and could show off whenever anyone came to swim.

SHE should have married Gig Young, but then there'd be no story.





I'M sympathetic when Doris comes home tired out from emoting all day. Pleased, she'll say, "I don't know what I'd do without you, Smudgy."

There are uncomfortable things about the best of lives. A dog learns, for instance, to take cottage cheese philosophically. I mention cottage cheese because my mistress is keeping me on a diet of it and horsemeat.

Once I managed to get into the kitchen alone. My mistress had made a dozen cherry tarts for dinner, and I was all alone with them. I climbed up to the table and tried one. It was delicious. I tried another. I took a third so I could propose a proper French toast to my mistress for her wonderful cooking. And I remembered enough old French toasts to finish the dozen tarts. Then I lay down on the table and got ready to die.

As I said before, there are uncomfortable things about any life, like my mistress' anger when I put my paws on the good furniture; and enduring the long silence when my mistress wants to watch TV instead of having a good, long talk. But these things are not really important at all; the important things are times like last night.

I found my mistress alone in the garden and curled myself against her feet.

"Oh, Smudgy," she said. "I've had an awful time today. I had an argument with . . . oh . . ."

I licked her hand, sympathetically.

". . . well, you know how these things start. But it wasn't my fault."

I stood up and growled, batting the air with my paws as I tore whoever it had been into little pieces.

"Thank you," she said, bending down to me. "But it was a silly argument. And maybe I was wrong."

"Never," I barked. "You are perfect," I barked. "You are perfect," I barked again.

"I'm not, but thank you for saying it," she whispered and she scratched my ears. She stood up. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Smudgy," she said. "You always make me feel fine." I bowed.

"Come on, I'll race you to dinner." She started towards the house.

I bolted fiercely after her, making sure I didn't hurt her feelings by winning. I followed her in and walked happily towards my cottage cheese.

END



"JANE RUSSELL GOT IN MY HAIR"

BY RICHARD EGAN



KIDDING with Jane on set of "Underwater" is a game I'd like to play often.

**a few pungent comments by Dick Egan on La Russell,
and a few right back at him by J.R.**

I called Jane Russell the night before our first-story conference for "Underwater" to thank her for being instrumental in getting the role for me. She was carefully cryptic about accepting my thanks. She actually sounded embarrassed.

But the next day in story conference I threw away my opinion of shyness when she decided I'd look great if my hair were changed for the role. Jane said, "Wouldn't he look great sun-streaked and tanned?" and Harry Tatelman, the producer, scrutinized my face and head, and said, "Yes." I said carelessly that it was an idea and thought we'd discuss it for a week or two.

(Little did he know. J.R.)

Just two hours later I was in a chair with Larry Germain rinsing my hair while La Russell stood behind

me giving instructions. You see, Jane had decided. My black hair turned light orange and even Jane had to admit defeat. When my hair was dyed back to normal, I forgot the whole thing. But not Jane, the indomitable one.

(He sneaked out behind my back and had it dyed back to normal. But I wasn't through!!! J.R.)

A week later I got a phone call, and the dulcet tones of J. R. came wafting sweetly in my ear, "Lovie, will you meet me tomorrow to try the hair bit again?" she cooed. I explained firmly that I felt that had been settled. "Try it just once more. I've got a friend who I know can do it," urged the little-girl voice.

(I learned that tactic years ago. J.R.)

So three hours later, between *(Continued on page 56)*

"hoydenish Jane has grown from 'one of the boys' to 'Oh brother'"

Jane's instructions and her friends' applications, my hair was both orange and green. Even Harry Tatelman was startled. So Larry was called in again and an eleven-hour job began. Of course, Jane stayed right there issuing instructions like a master sergeant. My scalp and my temper were beginning to burn like mad, while my hair got lighter and lighter. My slow burn became a raging fire. And when Jane suggested bluing, I suddenly roared—long and loud. I turned to include Jane in the roar, but she had disappeared. She was crouching in a corner watching me like a child expecting to be punished. The master sergeant had, in an instant, changed to a frightened recruit. I said between clenched teeth, "This is it," and nobody uttered a word as I walked with my fallen dignity and burning scalp out of the room.

(This boy is so chicken—I've never heard anybody cry so loud in my life. J.R.)

To be horribly honest, which I hate to do, the sun-streaked hair looked very good. But I didn't mention it and neither did Jane.

Jane is a constant tease. She looks for your weakest link and then hits it hard. She will deliberately say

things to see if they will upset you. Jane is definitely the outspoken type. She will have no truck with flowery preliminaries to a conversation. She comes to the point she has in mind immediately. One of her pet peeves about me is that I am still a bachelor. Jane, I'll swear, was born married. *(Is there another way? J.R.)* Therefore, she considers every bachelor a challenge to her match-making ability. I can't remember all the provocative reasons she held out, but her marital theme song is an unfinished symphony. Jane is a strong-minded gal, and I have no doubt she's looking over the field of eligibles for me right now!

(He will never be happy until I have succeeded, either. J.R.)

Later she came out of her crouching position and again became a full-fledged general when she decided I didn't comb my hair correctly. She made no comment at all, but every chance she got she casually flipped my hair back. I comb my hair across my head and flat. The repetition of Jane's flipping my hair back became monotonous. Until one day I found myself combing my hair across and flat . . . and then flipping it up. Perhaps you've noticed that the sergeant has an excellent batting average in being right. *(Continued on page 71)*

"UNDERWATER"



LOVE SCENES for "Underwater" weren't hard to take or retake. Temperature and pressure high and rising steadily. Cool, man!





BETWEEN SCENES, Gary joins Burt Lancaster, co-producer of "Vera Cruz," and Burt's lovely wife, Norma, on the set for a chat.

cooper cuts some capers

Gary has a ball
making "Vera Cruz"
in wilds of Mexico





CONTINUED



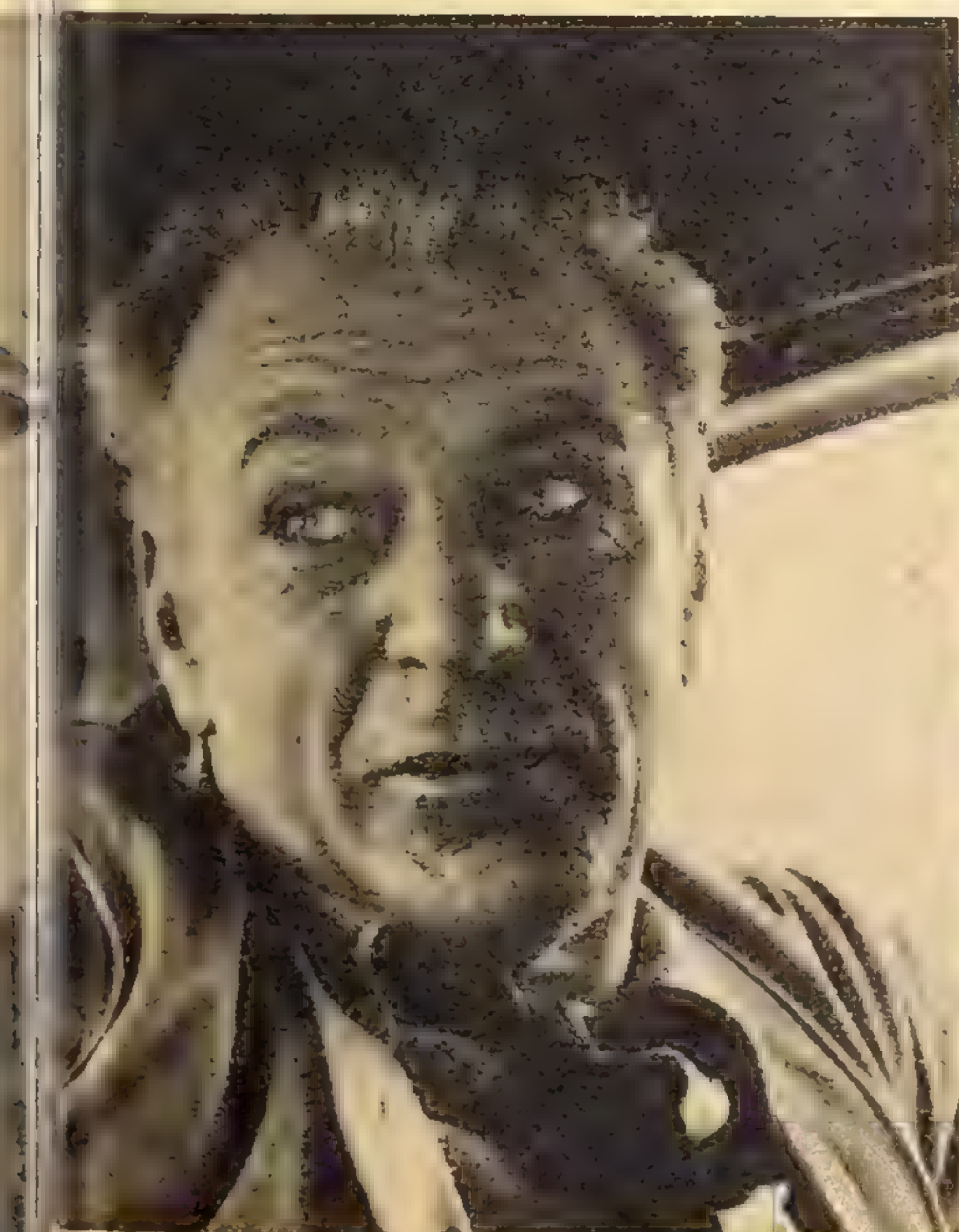
LOCATION LIFE is sparked up by presence of high-voltage Denise Darcel, who portrays a double-crossing French countess in the U.A. release.

**the rigors of location
shooting hold no terrors
for rugged Gary
who's in his element
in the great outdoors**





HARD-RIDING, two-fisted roles are Gary's meat and this adventure yarn of the Mexican Revolution lends itself to his special talents.



CAMERA STUDIES of Coop reveal him to be jovial and keenly interested in the goings-on—quite different from usually reserved Gary.

CONTINUED

THE STARS AT WORK continued

Lancaster and Cooper



GUN-TOTIN' Burt Lancaster, Gary's sidekick in the film, is a trigger-happy hombre with an almost passionate devotion to evil.



GUNMEN and soldiers of fortune join forces to fight in the Mexican Revolution for the side that pays them the most money.

BURT carefully explains scene to Sarita Montiel, torrid Spanish-Mexican screen actress who's playing her first English-speaking role.



opposites in personalities—make great team

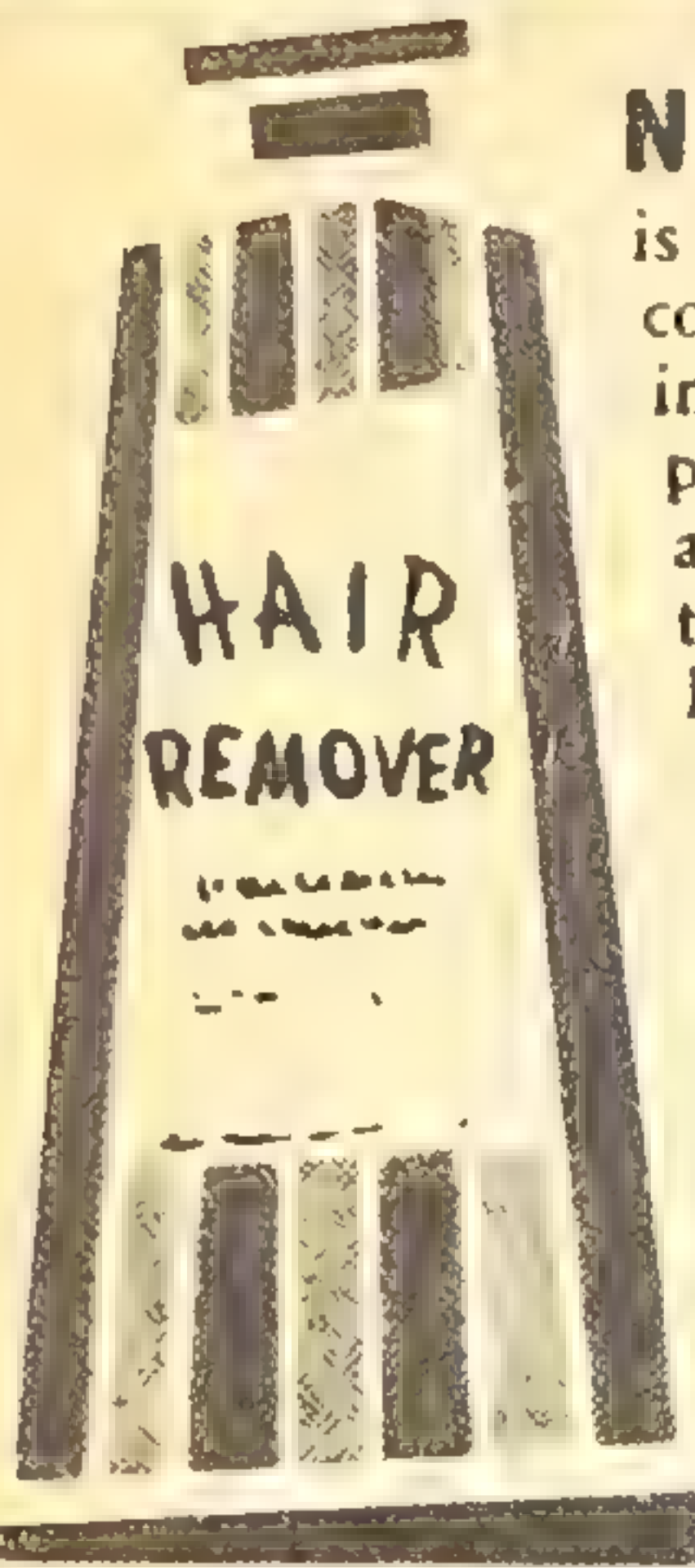


PRODUCER Lancaster takes good care of his napping star. Burt was so sold on Gary as his co-star he gave him top-billing.

END

HAIR REMOVED

Instantly



NEW GUARANTEE

is on this excellent product cosmetic, a hair remover that immediately gets rid of superfluous hair from face, arms, legs not only above the skin, but below it. It leaves the skin soft and smooth. Your money back if after the third application hair grows back. The hair remover is priced at only \$2 (triple size \$5) ppd. if order is accompanied by check, cash or money order. You pay postage if you order C.O.D.

DAVLO COMPANY, Dept. C-816
125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Play Right Away!

Now it's EASY to learn ANY INSTRUMENT—even if you don't know a single note now. No boring exercises. You play delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY—from very first lesson! Properly—by note. Simple as A-B-C. You make amazing progress—at home, in spare time, without teacher. Only a few cents per lesson. 900,000 STUDENTS! **FREE BOOK** Shows how easy it is to learn music this modern way. Write for it. No obligation; no salesman will call upon you. U.S. School of Music, Studio A363, Port Washington, N. Y. (57th successful year)



TWO FREE GIFTS!



BIG \$1.50 VALUE! List of Birthdays, plus List of home addresses, popular stars. Both FREE with 480 beautiful, GLOSSY, wallet-size photos of Movie, Radio, TV stars. **AMAZING Limited-Time, Introductory Offer.** Send only 50¢ for everything! Write Today! **Rm. E-3**
I. J. STONE, Box 2309, Hollywood 28, Calif.

20 GLAMOROUS DOUBLE WEIGHT
PRINTS, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4
FROM ANY ONE PHOTO

FOR **Only \$1.**

Send your
NAME, ADDRESS, PHOTO (no proofs) & \$1.00
to JIM GORDON, BOX 2071, CHICAGO 9, ILL.



Rock Hudson

FREE PHOTO

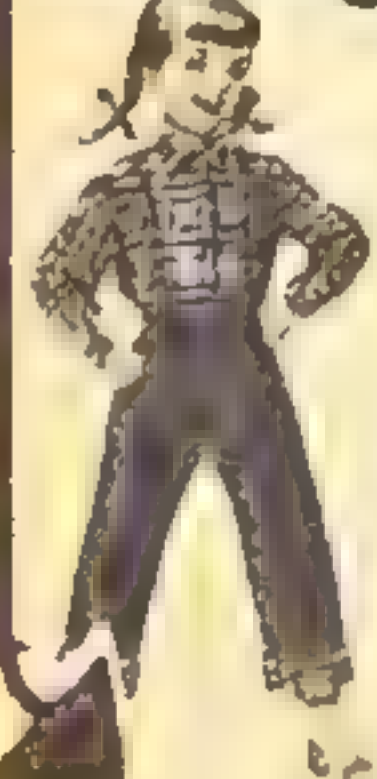
LARGE SIZE of your favorite star for framing. Actual HIGH GLOSS PHOTO suitable for framing.

FREE!! MOVIE STAR CATALOG listing thousands of poses and containing 55 ADDITIONAL PICTURES of popular stars.

FREE!! A list giving Birthdays of Stars. Send name of your favorite star and only 15 cents to cover handling charge.

MORTON STUDIOS, P. O. Box 2430
Dept. S-3, Hollywood 28, Calif.

MAKE Extra Cash with CHILDREN'S WEAR



Introduce adorable, long-wearing dresses—including famous Dan River Gingham... and jeans, T-shirts, separates, mix-and-match styles, playwear, nightwear, for children 1 to 14 years. Huge selection at low prices. Make money easy in just spare time and get your own children's apparel without paying one cent.

FREE—Mail coupon now for Big Complete Dress Display—sent absolutely free. No money—no experience needed. Mail coupon.

Harford Frocks, Dept. N-3350 Cincinnati 25, Ohio
Yes, I want to make extra money with Harford Frocks Children's Wear. Please rush complete Style Display—free.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE GLEASON YOU NEVER SEE



HE comes on stage laughing Saturday nights, but Saturday afternoons at rehearsals for his

MAYBE IT'S A LABOR OF LOVE, MAYBE HE'S DRIVEN, BUT WHATEVER,
BY FLORENCE EPSTEIN

When Jackie Gleason was a kid his mother had a job making change in the subway. All Jackie's friends used to duck under the turnstiles, but not Jackie. He always paid his nickel.

Ever since then he's been paying for everything he ever got. If you want Gleason in a capsule—figuratively, at least—there he is. Nothing but trouble ever came easy, or for free.

People are always comparing him to the TV characters he's brought to life, wondering which is the real Gleason.

The real Gleason is the guy they never see.

The real Gleason earns close to \$400,000 a year from his TV show, for which sum he produces, directs, edits, lights, hires, fires, approves and stars. Maybe it's a labor of love; maybe it's that he's driven.

"People know I make a lot of money from this show," he says, "so I've got to convince them that I earn it. I've got to make them say, 'Look at that boy work! I wouldn't work that hard for a million bucks.'"

He comes on laughing Saturday



TV show, Jackie's a man with a lot of worries.

THAT BOY JACKIE REALLY WORKS!

nights, but Saturday afternoons at rehearsals he's all business.

"Dress up that corner," he'll tell the stagehands, pointing to a part of the set that doesn't please him. "I stand here," he tells the cast. "You come on there. Okay, let's go." Then he'll run through his skits—for the first time and only a few hours before the show—now telling Audrey Meadows how to deliver a line, now telling Art Carney how to get the most out of a laugh.

He watches everything, his collar
(Continued on page 66)



THAT GIRL AVA

The Revealing
Story—
And 60 Intimate
Photos—
Of A Love
Goddess

AVA
GARDNER

THAT GIRL AVA!

Her life, her loves, her fabulous career —

The frank story of one of Hollywood's most amazing stars —
fully illustrated with more than 60 exclusive photos.

Buy your copy today.

On sale at all newsstands—only 15¢

ENJOY A PERMANENT,
BIG PAY CAREER as a

PRACTICAL NURSE



EARN AT HOME WHILE LEARNING

FREE SAMPLE LESSON shows how easily you can become a professionally trained practical nurse by home study in a short time NO HIGH SCHOOL NEEDED No age limit

FOR FREE LESSON and
FULL INFORMATION

MAIL COUPON
NOW!

Post Graduate Hospital
School of Nursing
6D35 Auditorium Bldg.
Chicago 5, Illinois

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

FREE! FLORIDA STYLE BOOK

Save on Glamorous
Styles From Florida To You!

See hundreds of newest fashions from America's beauty and glamour center. Best values anywhere in Dresses, Suits, Sportswear, Lingerie, Misses', Women's, Half Sizes, Juniors, Children's. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send NOW for FREE Style Book

FLORIDA FASHIONS, ORLANDO, 534 FLA.



CATALOG WITH **416 PICTURES FREE!**

NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL!
For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie stars in professional high gloss finish. Special super-duper offer:
20 for 25¢ • 50 for 50¢ • 120 for \$1

FREE CATALOG with 416 PICTURES OF STARS with your order

DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 333
Box 947, Church St. Annex, New York 8, N.Y.



FREE! Pearl Necklace...

This beautiful pearl necklace with 117 Graduated Simulated Pearls is yours absolutely FREE to show you our catalog of wonderful household and jewelry items as well as many gifts you can have. Enclose 25c coin for packing and handling.

GIFTWAY CO.,
Dept. P-44, 121 E. 24 St.,
New York, N. Y.




DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER

Temporary relief is NOT enough

Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can you be sure UNWANTED HAIR is GONE FOREVER. Brings relief and social happiness. Do not use our method until you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the MAHLER METHOD safely and efficiently. Used successfully over fifty years.

SEND 5¢ TODAY FOR BOOKLET

MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 29-C Providence 15, R.I.



So Sick Of It— You Could Scream!

Do you hate to get up so early in the mornings, rush here, rush there, grab your lunch, swallow it whole and then back to a rush job with a deadline to make all the time?

Are you fed up with the fast pace, and do you seek a change? Why not turn to writing—short stories, true confession and children's stories,—religious, inspirational, do-it-yourself, and critical articles,—books, movie scenarios, television plays, and radio scripts.

It's easy to get started! FREE literature available. No obligation, write today! Mead Agency, 419 Fourth Avenue, Dept. E, New York 16, N. Y.

JACKIE GLEASON

continued

open at the neck, his feet planted firmly apart, as if challenging anyone to throw him off balance. He listens carefully, his eyes on the monitor, while the announcer makes his spiel. He signals to bandleader Ray Block, "We'll have some traveling music here, right?"

The sides of the stage and the rehearsal theatre are full of people somehow connected with the show, wandering around, drinking coffee, getting ready to go on, but Gleason doesn't budge, and doesn't notice them.

Once in a while, though, he'll break the tension. A couple of weeks ago he had a young boy on the show, a kid who was a whiz at the organ. After he played his piece, Jackie was puzzled about how to move the organ offstage.

"I got it," he said to the stagehands. "You guys come out and I'll introduce you." He waved his arm in the air. "This is Harriet Van Weaver. This is George Stratton. Take it away, boys." The boys laughed and started to take it away.

"Hey, hold it!" Jackie said, looking worried. "I just heard some horrible news. If the stagehands are on stage it's fifty apiece!"

The stagehands weren't on stage that night, but Jackie was—laughing it up all over the place, as if he'd been rehearsing for three weeks and



NO matter how busy he is he'll take time out to accommodate hero-worshipping small fry.

"PEOPLE KNOW I MAKE A LOT OF

didn't have one care in the world.

If you want to be reasonable, he doesn't have a care. He's on top and no one's pushing him off. But once he was at the bottom and no one pushed him up, either. He climbed all the way and the height still makes him dizzy.



JACKIE produces, directs, edits, lights, hires, fires, approves and stars in his show.



REHEARSING a skit with Art Carney, all the while worrying about how show is shaping.



COLLAR opened, feet planted firmly apart, Jackie listens carefully and watches everything.

MONEY FROM MY SHOW AND I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THEM I EARN IT"

He got his first real break in New York in 1940 at the Club 18 which was noted for the raucous, insulting humor of Jack White, Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers. This trio greeted him with a few kind words. They were: "You'd better be funny tonight, kid." Then they turned on their heels. "Come back, you cowards," Jackie bellowed after them. "Come back and take a lesson from the world's greatest comedian."

Gleason ran that "greatest" bit into the ground. He used to like walking into Toots Shor's in a cashmere trench coat, saying, "Make way for the greatest!" Maybe he meant it. Maybe he was covering up a fear that any day his luck would change.

When he hit Hollywood no one reeled from the blow. For some reason, never explained, they forgot he was a comedian and cast him as a sinister gangster. "They paid me \$250 a week," he says, "but I had to buy my own ammunition."

Anyway, he brazened it out. In one picture he was supposed to be a hard-riding Arab. Nobody told that to the horse. The horse threw him right at the director's feet.

"You said you could ride!" the director screamed.

Jackie dusted himself off with dignity. "Have you no respect for a great stunt man?" he asked.

When he got back to New York and the musical comedy stage he was offered the lead role on TV's "Life Of Riley." It won him an Emmy (that's a

TV Oscar) and he was booked for two years on "The Cavalcade Of Stars."

Another guy would have known he'd arrived. Not Gleason. He took a vaudeville troupe on tour in 1952. It was the first time he had to rely solely on his own name to fill the theatres. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, after the first show. "They really seemed to like me."

In New York again, he weighed 286 pounds, 200 of which he launched on "The Jackie Gleason Show." The other 86 were spirited away before the opening at Doctors Hospital.

"No matter what the tailor tells you, there is no such thing as a stylish stout," he says, and is constantly battling the bulge.

You can blame his appetite on gluttony, but you can go deeper and blame it on a lifetime starved for security. Food helps ease the pangs. So does a lot of work and a lot of laughs. But with Gleason, as with other great comedians, the laughing is mostly on the outside.

"I shouldn't have been an entertainer at all," he says. "I should have been a psychiatrist. That's what I wanted to be and that's what I am at heart. I like to analyze people and try to help them. I became an entertainer because I can reach more people and help them, by laughs, to at least a little happiness."

He's read almost everything written on the subject of psychology and he's made a study of theology and hypnosis. In his library there are over 350

(Continued on page 68)

REDUCE

WITH
DELICIOUS KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

"WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL LOSE UP TO 5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS' 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS' 15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS' 25 POUNDS-IN 25 DAYS' AND KEEP IT OFF!"

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

**You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy and Keep on the Plan—It KEEPS Weight Off!

THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS, OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your craving for high calorie foods! It keeps you from overeating—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, cuts your craving for food!

AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!

The Kelpidine Candy plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—No delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight—no mail coupon below now!



THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!

Let this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you put a stop to the habit of overeating—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main cause of overweight).

1.00
TRIAL
SAMPLE
SIZE!

YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on our 10-Day no risk offer. Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. K-267, Candy Division, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO.
Dept. K-267, Candy Division
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 send sample size
- ☐ Rush a Liberal Supply of Kelpidine Candy-reducing plan. I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)
- ☐ Rush a Large Economy Supply of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends upon how overweight you are, and how quickly you order. **You will Always Want to keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—it Keeps Weight Off!

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
===== (Sent on Approval) =====

Buy

AMERICA'S

MOST

ENTERTAINING

PICTURE

MAGAZINE



Read exclusive stories and see exclusive pictures of your favorite movie stars regularly in SEE Magazine.

GET YOUR COPY

OF SEE MAGAZINE

TODAY. ON SALE

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS —

ONLY 15¢

JACKIE GLEASON continued

THERE ARE MANY SIDES TO JACKIE AND, LIKE ALL GREAT COMEDIANS, THE LAUGHING IS MOSTLY ON THE OUTSIDE

books relating to psychic phenomena. He finds plenty of time to read; he can't sleep more than four hours a night.

He also paints—portraits without faces. "I can't do faces," he says. "So I do them without faces. A man's got to start somewhere."

He also composes. He wrote "Melancholy Serenade," his theme song, the way he writes everything else. That is, he blows moodily on a trumpet until something happens. Then he calls in his secretary and dictates. "One — Two-one — Three-three," he says, running the gamut of three trumpet keys, which is the best he can do. His secretary can't help much since she blithely admits to a tin ear. With this gibberish on paper Gleason finds a musician and they work out a tempo. Oddly enough, they make more hits than they do misses.

That's a part of Jackie, but not all. Sometimes he comes across like Reggie Van Gleason III. In the early days he used to float some of Broadway's longest, noisiest parties. He lived in a suite at the Hotel Edison which the management soundproofed in defense of other guests. At 4 A.M. one morning Jackie phoned the man-

ager that the people next door were spoiling his party.

"You mean they're making noise?"

"No," said Jackie, "They're listening."

Like Reggie III, he thinks nothing of spending \$3,000 at a crack on slacks, sports jackets, trench coats. He designs his own clothes and once made four trips to Boston in search of red plaid on a white background. After Cye Seymour, his tailor, made the jacket, Gleason changed his mind.

But Gleason didn't have himself in mind when he thought up Reggie. He had in mind a night at the Copacabana when a cafe society playboy made sneering remarks about Jackie's date. Jackie invited him into Central Park.

"I started to let him have it," Jackie says, "and he tells me, 'Look, you! Don't swing so fast!' He was so used to having things his own way he even expected to organize my fighting. Later, I got a nervous reaction in my stomach. I decided to build up a satiric figure that would murder all those playboy characters."

In a way, all of Jackie's characters are based on people he's observed, but when he makes the characters his own they can't help taking on some of his coloring—or vice versa. But of them all it's The Poor Soul who touches the deepest vein in him. "The Poor Soul has no name, no voice," Jackie says. "He stems directly from the era that I personally believe produced the highest development of the art of comedy—silent pictures. The Poor Soul was devised partly as a tribute to the great artists of that time and also because I believe their style of humor was so creative that it should not be lost. The Poor Soul is the immortal little man who manages to make both ends meet, except that someone always moves the ends. Completely in pantomime I play him against a poignant musical background of 'Tenderly.'"

And it is The Poor Soul to whom Audrey Meadows likens Jackie. "This is the Jackie his friends sometimes come upon unexpectedly," she says. "He's looking out over the city from his penthouse window and wondering still how a little boy from a poor section of Brooklyn, who began as an amateur night performer, ever got to be a TV star—with his own show and many friends who love him." **END**



"I'M not an entertainer at heart but I try, by laughs, to give people some happiness."

let's look at the records

By **MARTIN BLOCK**



Doris Day has recorded two hits for Columbia from her "Young At Heart" movie, and they're dan-Day, danDay! "Hold Me In Your Arms" is a ballad similar to her "If I Give My Heart To You," and it's backed by "Ready, Willing And Able," which is catchy and swingy. . . . "It's A Woman's World" is from the 20th Century-Fox film of the same name, and is admirably sung by The Four Aces. "The Cuckoo Bird In The Pickle Tree" on the reverse side. Decca. . . . Decca calls Kitty Kallen's "I Want You All To Myself" a hit, and they could be right. Flip it over and work out the other title for yourself—it's "Don't Let The Kiddy Geddin." . . . Joni James is responsible for recorded charm via a ballad about young love, "When We Come Of Age." "Every Time You Tell Me You Love Me" backs it. MGM. . . . Rhythm & blues tail Bill Haley and his Haley Comets as they whosh by with "Dim, Dim The Lights," and "Happy Baby," on a Decca saucer. . . . New and good, Joan Weber's singing can be sampled on the Columbia waxing of the torchy "Let Me Go." "Marionette," the other side, packs an emotional wallop.

The McGuire Sisters—Chris, Dottie, Phyllis—do right well by "Muskrat Ramble," a Dixieland standby with tip-tap rhythm. The reverse of this Coral item is "Lonesome Polecat." . . . Take a spin with the non-chalant Perry Como for "Papa Loves Mambo." "The Things I Didn't Do" is on t'other side of the Victor platter. . . . Eddie Fisher sings superbly, effortlessly on Victor's "Count Your Blessings," backed by "Fanny," from the musical of the same name. . . . Tony Martin also honors "Fanny" with "My Restless Heart," ditto Victor. "My Bambino" on reverse side.

Speaking of picture-tune tieups, 20th Century-Fox's "Désirée" is going

to town with "The Song From Désirée." Eight platter factories have cut the tune—Bing Crosby and Jane Froman among the octet of tune-cutters. . . . In case you'd forgotten that Frank Sinatra was a singer before he started winning Academy Awards for acting, Capitol offers a two-sided reminder, "It Worries Me" and "When I Stop Loving You." . . . The Coral issue of "Japanese Sandman" and "I Love You," shows how Paul Whiteman won the title of *The King Of Jazz*. The nostalgic, Flapper Age arrangements are a delight. . . . "Mister Sandman" is sung by The Chordettes, young Godfrey alumni, and is heading for the top. On the reverse of this Cadence number is "I Don't Wanna See You Crying."

Nat "King" Cole was an ideal choice for Capitol's "Hajji Baba," à la the movie. On the flip, Nat is believable in "Unbelievable." . . . Frank Wess and sextette offer seven tunes on one Commodore LP, including "Pretty Eyes," and "West Of The Moon." . . . Bravo for Richard Maltby & orchestra—"X" label—"Beloved, Be True," and "St. Louis Blues Mambo." The familiar *St. Louis* with mambo beat. . . . The mambo to end all such could be Perez Prado's "The Marilyn Monroe Mambo." The familiar Monroe with mambo beat. Victor. . . . Paul Weston is one of the eight who've recorded "The Song From Désirée" (subtitled, "We'll Meet Again"). His Columbia waxing thereof is backed by "Maria, Maria, Maria." A former arranger-genius, Weston makes music that is usually unusual, invariably superior. **END**

"The Martin Block Show" is on ABC Radio 2:35-4:00 p.m., EST, Monday to Friday. "Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom" is on WABC in New York, 2:35-6:45 p.m. Monday thru Friday and Saturdays from 10:00 to 12:00 noon and 6:00-7:30 p.m.



IF YOU WANT TO TIE
BOWS LIKE THIS . . .

GET THESE TWO GUIDES
TO GREATER GIFT-GIVING SUCCESS!

Be Prepared for Every
Gift-Giving Occasion! Buy
the King Size Spool for
Economy!

This booklet tells you how
to tie dozens of bows and
special effects!

This booklet tells you how
to make scores of expensive-
looking gifts easily and
quickly from inexpensive
Crinkle Tie!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CRINKLE TIE

2300 W. Logan Bl., Chicago 47, Ill.

☐ Send me booklet on tying beautiful bows.

☐ Send me Crinkle Tie Craft booklet.

I enclose 10c coin for each booklet ordered.

Name

Address

City Zone State

FREE PHOTO

LARGE SIZE of your favorite
MOVIE STAR

We include FREE CATALOG, decorated
with newest stars, lists 1400 names, tells
how to get their home addresses. Send
name of your favorite and your second
choice with only 15c or 3 for 25c to cover
handling.



Anthony Curtis HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Box 1150—Dept. M-3, Hollywood 28, Calif.

\$7500 IS YOURS EASILY
For Selling Only 100 Boxes
of Our Lovely FLORAL

EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

Their beauty and value sell on sight.
You make 75c on each box. New 21-
Card \$1 Assortments, unusual Kodachrome, Lace, Tall Cards, New Gift Items, 100
other fast-sellers. Cash profits to 150% plus
\$10-\$25-\$50 in Bonus Gifts. Get FREE Stationery
Samples, 4 best Assortments on approval. \$1
Gift Set FREE if you act fast. **WRITE NOW!**
CREATIVE CARD CO., 4401 Cermak Rd., Dept. 118-A, Chicago 23, Ill.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD

PSORIASIS

(S. D.)*

As hundreds of thousands of users
have learned, Siroil tends to re-
move psoriasis crusts and scales on
outer layer of skin. Light applica-
tions help control recurring le-
sions. Siroil doesn't stain cloth-
ing or bed linens. Offered on
two-weeks-satisfaction-or-
money-refunded basis. 22
years of successful results.

Write for free booklet.

*S. D. means Skin Disorder.

My thanks to-

SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories Inc., Dept. SS-24, Santa Monica, Calif.



MAKE MONEY giving away FREE HOSIERY!

Men and women wanted to introduce amazing nylon stockings (guaranteed against runs and snags) and men's, children's hosiery (guaranteed one full year) by giving away free trial pairs regardless whether or not final purchase is made! Earn up to \$3 an hour spare time. Mail postcard today for FREE samples men's and women's hosiery with complete money-making outfits. Nothing to pay now or later. Absolutely no obligation.

KENDEX CORP., BABYLON 151, N. Y.



FREE PHOTO

of your favorite
MOVIE or TV STAR—Genuine Portrait 3 1/2 x 5—type for framing. Also FREE catalog of hundreds of stars. FREE information for getting addresses and birthdays, scenes and guide to Hollywood. Send 15c for handling and mailing (2 for 25c).
STAR PHOTOS, INC. Box 1791, Department 11 Hollywood 28, California

DON'T BE FAT!

If you just can't reduce and have tried dieting, pills and tablets—try relaxing, soothing SPOT REDUCER, a massager that's tested, and has U.L. approval. Lose Weight where it shows most! The relaxing soothing massage helps break down FATTY TISSUES, helps tone the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation helps carry away wasted fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more graceful figure. When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! Lose pounds and inches quickly, easily, safely without risking health. For aches and pains due to over-exercise. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Sold on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Reduce or NO CHARGE!



Standard Model only \$9.98

Amazing Deluxe Model only \$12.98

send to BODY MASSAGER COMPANY
318 Market Street, Dept. B-721, Newark, New Jersey

Hygienic Skin Care Discovery Extracts BLACKHEADS In Seconds • Safe and Sanitary

Here's the modern way for hygienic skin care. Vacutex's invention removes embarrassing blackheads quickly, easily, safely in seconds.

Use VACUTEX For A Blackhead-Free Skin

Place Vacutex over the blackhead. Its gentle vacuum action draws out the blackhead quickly and surely—you'll be delighted. No need to spend hours trying to remove blackheads with creams, bobby pins and blackhead spoons. Vacutex works in seconds without injuring tissues. Reaches blackheads anywhere. The sensible way to safe easy skin beauty. Try 10 days. If not delighted return for refund. Rush Coupon!

\$1.00

Ballico Products Co., Dept. 15
19 West 44th St., New York 36, N.Y.
Enclosed find \$1. Send postpaid.
Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 plus 43c postage.

"DON'T TANGLE WITH MY DAD"

(continued from page 46)

week, including Sunday, he managed to find time to give me a surprise birthday party.

Or when he gave up his first vacation in years to stay with Michael, after my brother's serious accident while on a hiking trip in the High Sierras.

To us—Michael, Tony, Melinda and myself—Dad is more pal than father. Possibly because we don't live with him—we are staying with Mom in a big house in Los Angeles proper, while Dad lives in Encino, in the San Fernando Valley, about 20 miles away. This way, most of the disciplining is really up to Mom, while our Sundays and weekends with Dad are reserved for games and sports and just having a good time.

Usually we go to his house right after church, and spend most of the day with him. My favorite pastime, when I'm with Dad, is skeet shooting at the Chatsworth range.

Dad and Michael used to practice football together, behind the house. When I say practice I mean that Dad, who was quite a player at U.S.C. until he broke his ankle, throws Michael all over the place when he tries to "tackle" him. Michael in turn shows me what Dad taught him, and I have enough black and blue spots to prove that Dad is doing a good job.

As for Melinda, her favorite sport is making Dad go shopping with her, and she usually gets her way.

However, Dad's easy-goingness shouldn't be misinterpreted as giving in in every respect. Believe me, he doesn't. When he feels fatherly authority should be asserted, he administers it promptly. Once in a while he used to wallop me when I didn't mind him! I never deviated for long, you can be sure.

He is particularly strict about school work. And living up to the grades he used to get isn't easy. Luckily, since I enrolled in Loyola High I have managed to get a "B" average. In fact all of us have pretty good grades.

When Dad gets angry at us, we know better than to talk back to him. Everyone of us tried it—once.

I still remember the afternoon he first saw Toni wear lipstick. She was just 14 at the time. We had hardly walked into his house when he noticed her painted lips. "Take it off . . ." he said.

"But Daddie, all the other girls in school . . ."

"TAKE IT OFF!"

"Couldn't I wear it just . . ."

That's as far as she got. Dad pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket, and with one swish wiped off

every speck of it. "Ask me in a year from now," he said. "And not a day earlier."

To be on the safe side, Toni waited two years!

As far back as I remember, I can't recall one instance when Dad ever went back on his word. If he says he'll punish us if we don't do as told, he'll do it. If he promises a certain present, he'll live up to the bargain.

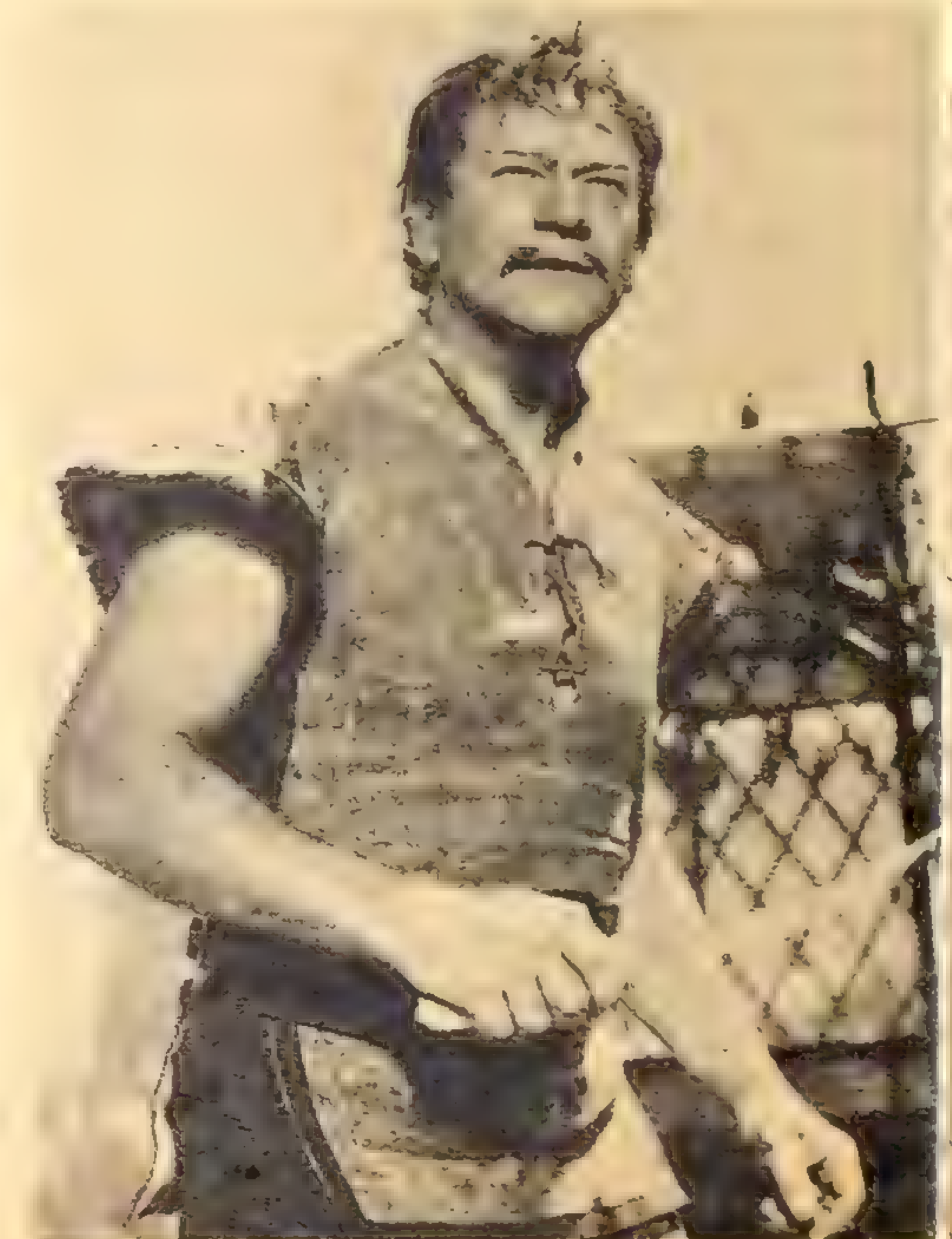
One reason I have so much fun in Dad's company is his sense of humor. He is constantly kidding us, or everyone else who happens to be around. If you can't take a joke, and I include very practical jokes, it's best to stay away from him.

One of the qualities I appreciate most in Dad is his effort to be with us for any event that is important to us, no matter how busy he is. Toni found that out again when she invited Dad to a reception given by her sorority, at the Immaculate Heart College.

Knowing that he was just getting ready for "The Conqueror," at RKO, she didn't hold out much hope that he could make it. Yet Dad not only escorted her to the reception, but bought her a beautiful corsage and got all dressed up, like he was her best beau, and she his best girl.

I myself had another occasion to find out that Dad is never too busy for us, when he took time off to go with me to the "Men's Breakfast," given for the Loyola High School students. I was particularly thrilled when, sitting next to him, I had the feeling that he was a little proud of me—but not half as proud as I was of being his son.

END



JOHN WAYNE has one of his greatest roles as Genghis Khan in "The Conqueror."

"JANE RUSSELL GOT IN MY HAIR"

(continued from page 56)

(He looked like somebody'd hit him over the head with a flat iron. J. R.)

I hadn't intended to be fascinated with the Russell personality, but after a few days working with Jane you start seeing the hidden depths, the unexpected potentials and the sensitivity that, surprisingly, is one of her roots. I honestly feel that Jane often has been misunderstood. In her publicity, her physical appeal has been played up so much that the real attributes of Jane have been lost. She has, in the past, always played parts with a chip on her shoulder, daring some strong man to knock it off. In "Underwater," RKO has gone all out to show the world that Jane is a warm, versatile, feminine actress. And Jane has come through with a sensitive portrayal that will throw the critics on their respective ears.

I remember in particular one scene on the boat. I haven't been alone with her for a long time and I'm waiting for her to come up from the cabin. I don't know that she is serving coffee to Gilbert Roland before she comes up, and I am irritated. Jane (who quite often does not stick to the script) looked at my face as she came up to me and said, "You're getting grouchy, honey." And then she slipped her hand inside the collar of my shirt and touched my neck. It was an instinctive bit of acting and the rest of the scene was much too warm for even salt water to put out.

Don't misunderstand me, I'm not selling her physical ability short. Because she has it. She is one of the most beautiful and graceful swimmers I've ever seen. She can also run like the wind. In one scene we were to run thirty yards across the beach within camera range and then I was to tackle her—still within camera range. Feeling rather male at the time, I gave the little girl a head start. That was my undoing. I was really pounding up the beach and I couldn't catch her. She looked back with that gamin grin and then slowed down so I could catch her. My ego shrunk to the size of a shriveled pea! (Haven't you noticed, my legs run up to my arm pits? J. R.)

In my opinion, Jane's personality has evolved from being raised with four boys and having to stand on her own. This served a dual purpose. No one knows more about male behavior than Jane. She knows what men will and will not do and the very nature of the beast. Her brothers obviously didn't pamper her and she had to fight to be one of the group. And when she married Robert Waterfield she was still in the world of a

man's man. For he is not given to long and flowery speeches nor does he treat her like a lovely clinging vine, but rather with a mature understanding that, by mutual acceptance, is a continuation of the life Jane has always known.

(Chum, if my feminine wiles don't show any more than that I'm going home!!! J. R.)

She is, I think, completely unaware of herself as a beauty and the spoken word can have her growling "sissy" in a minute. And yet I found that deep sensitivity and gratitude for being treated like a woman when we slowly changed places during the making of the picture.

The sergeant started folding when, as usual, she over-extended herself, physically, mentally and emotionally. She is always taking care of anyone she feels needs help. Her dressing room was crowded at all times with five or six people who came to her with problems. On top of that she was receiving adverse publicity on "The French Line," which hurt her deeply.

Did you ever see a sergeant helpless? Watching this one cave in, I said sarcastically, "You look fine. Just great. We'll wind up eighty pages short on Monday." "I don't," the sergeant admitted wanly, turning in her stripes, "feel so good." And with that concession, I started trying to help her as much as I could. I cleared her dressing room, made the set as easy as possible for her and helped in any way I could to see that she was taken care of for a change. And—she liked it! Maybe it was because she didn't have the strength to fight back. One day when I was going home an hour earlier than usual, I heard a knock on the door. There stood Jane. The new Jane stood hesitantly for a moment and then she said, "What are you doing? We wanted to talk about the script but I wanted you to be there. Would you?" She said it just as if I could help her. If you remember our first introduction with the hair bit, then you, too, can see the switch in this girl of many facets.

(You're lying. I always insisted on your being in on script conferences—I was simply too weak to shout it this time. J. R.)

How can I fully explain Jane? Shy and sensitive, boisterous and unpredictable, impatient and growling, warm and vital, sneering at flattery but in love with the whole wide world. After you meet her you just can't help saying fervently and with admiration—"I love that Jane!"

(My word. My word!! J. R.) **END**

BEAUTIFUL BALLET TU TU COSTUME



ELASTIC LEOTARD
with **NYLON NET TU TU**
Ideal Basic Recital Costume
Pink, Aqua, Orchid, Red
Lt. Blue, Yellow or Black

Child Sizes, 2 to 12 \$3.95

Adult Sizes, Small, Med., Large \$4.75

Toe Shoes Pink or Black Satin
Complete with Fur Toe Pads & Ribbons **\$6.95**

BALLET SLIPPERS

White or Black Kid

Up to Size 1.....\$2.98 pair

Over Size 1.....\$3.29 pair

Send Foot Outline and Shoe Size

NOW EVERY GIRL CAN BE A MAJORETTE WITH MAJORETTE BOOT SPATS



White Leatherette

Zip On or Off

Can Be Worn with Shoes or Sneakers

Sm. 11 to 1—Med. 1 to 3—Lg. 3 to 6

\$3.50 pair, Postpaid

DANCE SHOES—SUPPLIES
BATON—DRUM CORPS SUPPLIES
SKATING SKIRTS—Roller or Ice.

28 Page Catalog 15c (applied to purchase)

HOW TO ORDER. Send Check or Money Order plus 20c postage on tu tu, or 35c postage on shoes. Be sure to state size and 1st and 2nd color choice.

QUINCON DANCE SUPPLIES

7 Foster St., Dept. S, Quincy 69, Mass.

YOU MAY EARN OVER \$25.00 WEEKLY

Address & Mail Postcards at Home
WRITE - ATLAS -
BOX 188 Dept. 27
MELROSE, MASS.



FREE! PLUS two full 5 x 7 glossy pictures.

1120 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES

EXCITING! All your favorite. Newest posed photos. Professional wallet size—suitable for framing. Hollywood's Biggest Offer! Hurry! ORDER SEVERAL FOR GIFTS WHILE THEY LAST!

FREE! with your order! BIG SURPRISE GIFT (worth 75¢) — private HOME ADDRESSES, plus other EXCITING INFORMATION of 100's OTHER TOP STARS. Also GIANT NEW CATALOG containing ADDITIONAL HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS AND NAMES of Newest Stars — all is SENT FREE WITH YOUR ORDER if you act now! **HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER** Studio E-3, Box 2309, Hollywood 28, Calif.



HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a **HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

• You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

----- OUR 58TH YEAR -----

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. V35
Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....

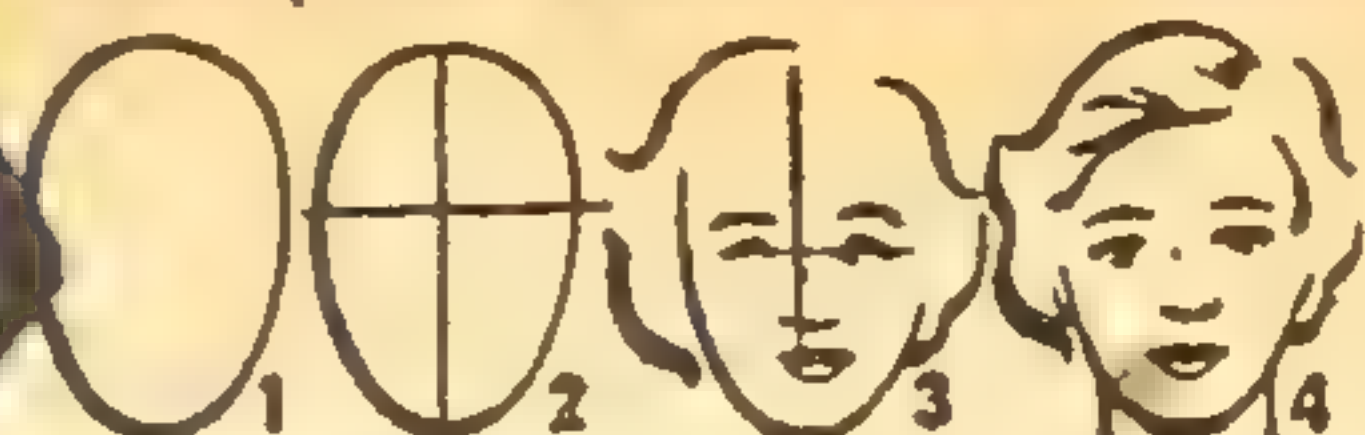
Address.....

City & State.....

Canadian Residents: Complete Canadian Course Available. Write American School, 1610 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

MAKE YOUR ART TALENT PAY OFF

SEE HOW
EASY IT IS
Step by Step!



Learn Advertising Art at Home

If you are seeking extra income, or a new career, investigate the possibilities of commercial art! The Washington School of Art, with 40 years of experience teaching "Art for Pleasure and Profit" at home, offers professional guidance in this highly-paid field. Start commercial art, designing, cartooning, illustrating, lettering, painting—all in one complete home art course. Low tuition, easy terms; trial plan available. For full details mail coupon. No obligation. No salesmen.

THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 453R, Washington 5, D. C.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

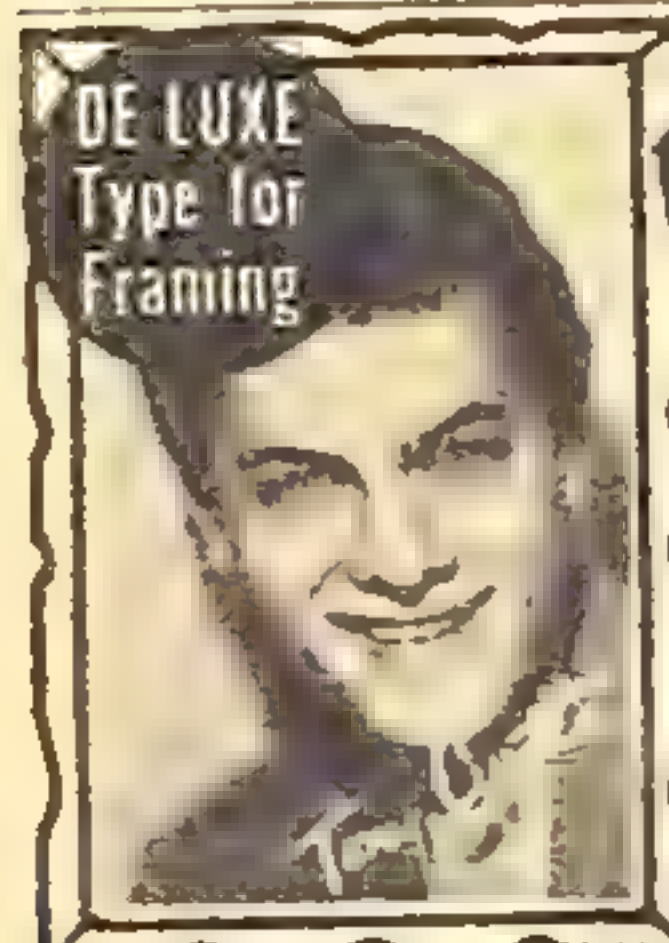
Write 120 words per minute.

Age no obstacle—LOWEST COST

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols, no machines; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service; also by executives, students, etc. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 250,000 taught by mail. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 32nd Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO SCHOOL OF

Speedwriting
Dept. 6903-5, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36



FREE! FREE!

Photo of Your Favorite
MOVIE STAR

Big Bargain!... NOT small pocket size, but LARGER, ACTUAL PORTRAIT. Also FREE! Beautiful Color. FREE! Many additional pictures of popular stars on cover. FREE! Tells how to get HOME ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and PHOTOS of STARS HOMES. Send only 15¢ for handling (3 photos for 25¢). Rush to:

HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309, Dept. E-3, Hollywood 28, California

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING ENVELOPES

OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW

GLENN GLENWAY 5713 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND 3, OHIO

Save for the Future

Saving for security is easy! Here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in United States Savings Bonds.

Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And invested in Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30.

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you back 80% more than you put in!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? Or join the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank.

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.



COMING ATTRACTIONS

(continued from page 9)

more costumes to come out of, before everything pops back into its Technicolored place.

The Purple Plain

Having lost his wife in a London blitz, pilot Gregory Peck isn't particularly concerned about whether or not he lives. It's this disinterest that allows him to take the chances which turn men into heroes if they survive. Ace though he is, in the Burma Theatre of Operation, Peck's nasty disposition and evil temper are about to rate him a heave-ho. Before action is taken, Peck meets Win Min Than, a Burmese girl, and under her gentle therapy his bitterness slowly fades. The transition couldn't have come at a better time. On a routine flight, Peck is forced to crash-land his plane in Jap territory. His navigator is seriously burned, and his passenger cracks under the strain of a thirty-mile struggle across Burmese wasteland. The job of survival is up to Peck, the man who didn't want to live. Technicolor thriller good in every respect, except that it concentrates too much on dropping the navigator on his burned leg every few miles, just so you'll get the idea of what a rough go they're having.

Sign of the Pagan

In the fifth century, a Mongolian warlord leading a horde of warriors on horseback thundered across Europe toward Rome. His name, *Attila the Hun*, had a sound as terrifying as the ring of a double-edged sword. His aim was to destroy the Roman Empire. *Attila*, played by Jack Palance, knew if he could divide Rome and Constantinople, the world would be his. Though distance

separated the two cities, he didn't figure on the intangible power that kept them as one. It was Christianity that held firm against the odds, and moved Princess Ludmilla Tcherina to play an active part in forcing the abdication of her weakling brother who ruled Constantinople. That achieved, she elevated Roman Jetty Chandler to General of her armies. However, strategist though Chandler was, *Attila's* defeat was not won in combat but rather in the soul of his daughter, Rita Gam. Action-charge Technicolor drama that gallops across CinemaScope with Palance competently at the reins.

Young at Heart

It seems like the perfect match when Doris Day, daughter of music professor Robert Keith, becomes engaged to composer Gig Young. Although talented and bound to be successful, Young's love for Doris isn't strong enough to keep her from falling in love with Frank Sinatra. Sinatra is everything Young isn't, which is the reason Doris elopes with him. One of those women who have gone to protect and comfort every hurt and bruised thing that comes her way, Doris certainly picked the perfect subject for her tender ministrations. A songwriter who never made the grade, Sinatra can contribute nothing to their marriage except failure and bitterness. Realizing Doris would have been better off married to Gig Young, Sinatra takes a drastic step to clear out of her life. It doesn't work out quite the way he figured, and for the first time, the lad is made to feel how very necessary he is to Doris and their unborn child. Filmed in WarnerColor, this sentimental drama also stars Ethel Barrymore. **EN**

HELP WANTED!

We want your advice in planning Screenland Plus TV-Land

• Paste the ballot below on a postal card and mail it to Editor, SCREENLAND, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

My favorite MEN STARS are: (1).....

(2)..... (3).....

(4)..... (5).....

My favorite WOMEN STARS are: (1).....

(2)..... (3).....

(4)..... (5).....

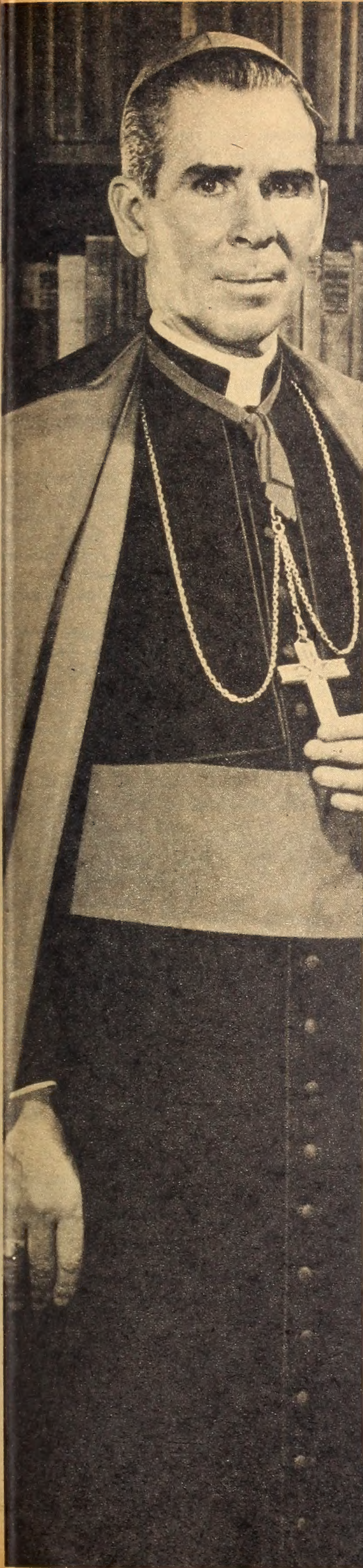
The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:

(1)..... (2).....

(3)..... (4).....

Name..... Age.....

Address



Whatever Your Faith May Be . . .

Whatever You May Want Out Of Life . . .

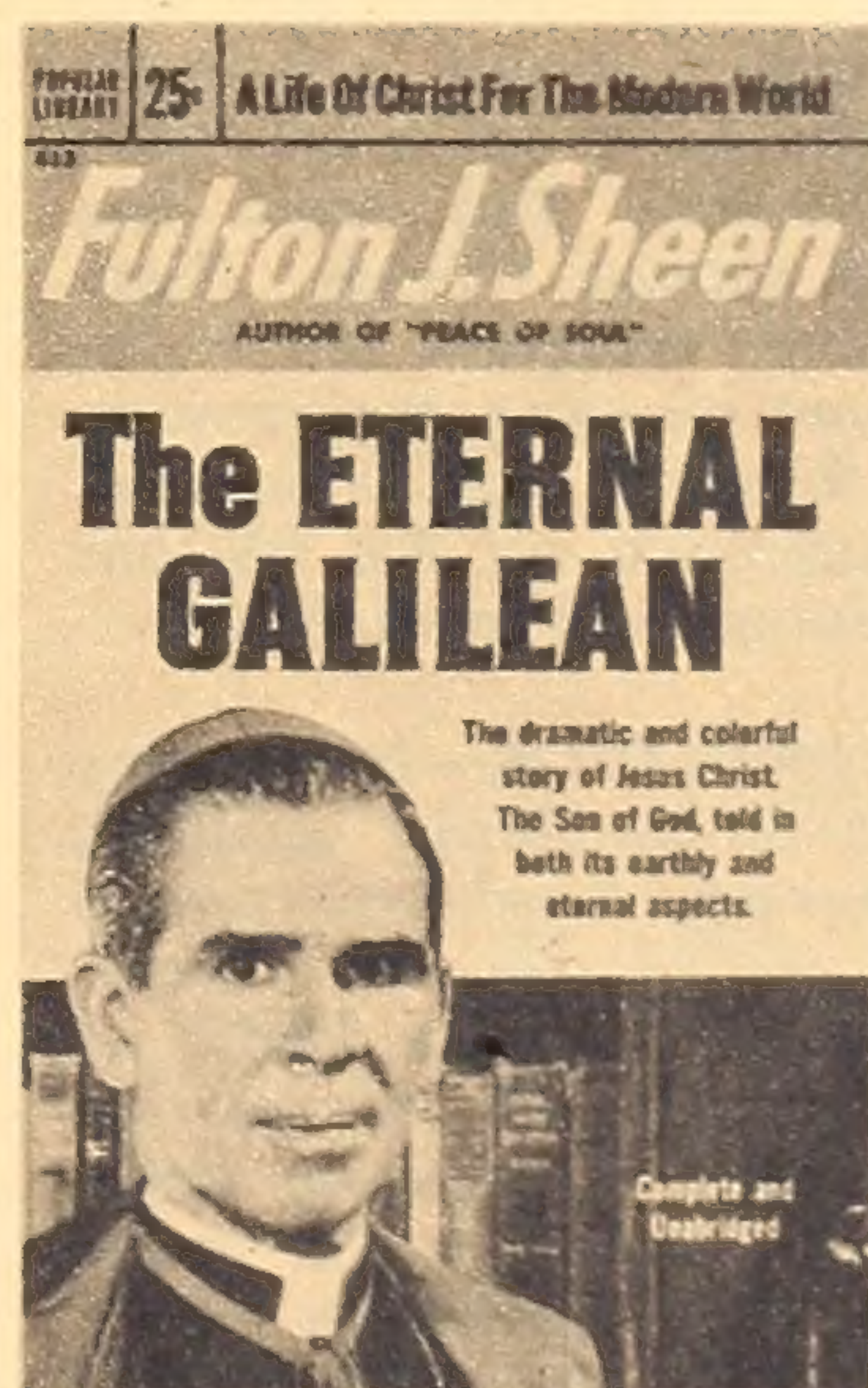
you can't afford to miss reading
this inspiring guide to rich, full living

"The ETERNAL GALILEAN"

by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

**A POPULAR LIBRARY
Pocket-Size Book 25c**

**On Sale at
All Newsstands**



HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

(continued from page 6)

mamma approves, which was not true of some of Pier's former romances.

DEBBIE AND EDDIE—Busy Helen Rose wasn't too occupied to find time to play hostess at a joint shower for Janie and Pier. The presents—silver, crystal, linens and lingerie—were fabulous, the guests were gorgeous, among them Marisa, Debbie Reynolds, Cyd Charisse, Ann Blyth, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Taina Elg and Leslie Caron. And the engagement rings that were flashing around! Debbie's 7-carat, emerald-cut diamond was largest; it's so big it nearly weighs down this little cutie!

Debbie confirmed that she and Eddie Fisher would wait until June to wed. But there are many in Hollywood who are willing to bet on a much earlier date. Close friends of Debbie and Eddie wish the brakes could be put on the publicity play-up of the kids' romance which is very real but seemingly is being commercialized. But no one is really worried about the outcome. Eddie Cantor, who hosted their glittering engagement party, voices the common opinion: "If I'm any judge of human nature, this marriage will be for all time." Debbie and Eddie will build their honeymoon house in Beverly Hills; they've chosen the spot. And Debbie says if ever her career interferes with her marriage—end of career! This we believe, for Debbie is a very honest girl.

VERA-ELLEN AND VIC—Late November was the time set by Vera-Allen for her marriage to Vic Rothschild, president of an oil drilling business, and that's not a bad business. Her engagement came as a big surprise, for she had been dating many eligible bachelors and was rumored about to marry Dick Gully. She and Vic met less than a month before he proposed on the drive up from Palm Springs where they had spent the week-end with mutual friends. Sentimentally, they returned to Palm Springs for part of their honeymoon and planned to spend the remainder cruising to Acapulco on the 85-foot yacht that belongs to Vic's family.

CAROL LEE AND DICK—It's a very formal, white-tie-and-tails wedding for Dick Anderson, handsome young MGM actor, and Carol Lee Ladd, daughter of Alan and Sue Ladd, at the end of January in the garden of the Ladd estate in Holmby Hills. Alan, who will give away the bride, will escort her across a bridge which will be built over one end of the swimming pool to the white plastic tent where the ceremony will be performed. Carol Lee, like Pier Angeli, has chosen an all-white wedding. Although the Ladds gifted their daughter and Dick with a homesite, Dick bought another lot on which they're building their honeymoon cot-

tage. He and Carol Lee want to "go it alone." Happiness couldn't come to a nicer young couple!

BLUE SKIES—Fred MacMurray and June Haver are so happy. They've finished furnishing their home, put in a swimming pool and June, wisely, is not rushing to accept the many offers she's had for movies and TV, which pleases Fred. . . . Janet Leigh is delighted that her Tony Curtis was elected "mayor" of Universal City—wholly populated by U-I studios—by a two-thirds margin of the 2,000 votes cast. . . .

BABY TALK—Rosemary Clooney Ferrer bought several flaming red dresses to wear while waiting for the bambino, due around the end of January. She had hoped the blessed event might have occurred on Jose's birthday, January 8. Anyway, she has insisted, "I just know it will be a boy." Meantime, she and Jose, only the busiest man in town, are whipping up a night club act for Las Vegas—where else? . . . Dennis Day and wife Peggy are welcoming their fifth little Day.

MORE BABIES—Rumors of trouble in the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding and Judy Garland-Sid Luft marriages seem allayed by news of expected stork arrivals. Judy is pre-recording songs to be used in her next season's TV shows while waiting for her April-due infant. She says if it's a girl, the name will be Sarah, if a boy, Joshua. . . . There will be plenty of room in the new, large, blue and yellow playroom-nursery for both young Mike and the new Wilding baby, expected at the beginning of March. Liz has never looked more radiantly happy. She's watching her weight this time; she gained too much before little Mike was born two years ago. Liz and Mike haven't decided definitely, but they're considering Virginia and Christopher as names for the second sprout.



CAROL LEE LADD, Alan's daughter, and Dick Anderson happily await their wedding.

NO THAWS IN SIGHT—Marilyn got her interlocutory decree from Joe in record time, didn't ask for a settlement, alimony—nor even custody of the Wheaties. . . . The quipsters also wonder whether Ty Power or Linda Christian will seek custody of that nude statue of Linda. . . . Vic and Dorothy Mature failed to patch up differences.

ROUNDELAY—Terry Moore, still under contract, hasn't made a picture in 14 months, thus has plenty of time for dates. While Jacques Sernas, the Paris of "Helen Of Troy," was here making "Jump Into Hell," Terry took him in tow. They were a constant duo, except when Terry was dating James Dean (who seems to be carrying a torch for Pier Angeli) and when Jacques was squiring Shelley Winters.

MAN'S TOWN—Never underestimate the fun a bachelor has in this town where there's a scarcity of eligible males. George Nader dates Joan Crawford, Betty Abbott, Julia Adams and his high school sweetheart. . . . Hugh O'Brian dates Marilyn Erskine and Nina "Honey Bear" Warren, daughter of the Chief Justice, when she's here. . . . Bob Wagner and Virginia Leith were a cozy duo while making "White Feather" in Mexico, but his real "heart" is in La Jolla where he spends much time when he's not working—and not all with his parents.

MORE DATING—Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy still a twosome although the word's around that she found the stubby beard he had to grow for "Top Of The World" a ticklish situation! . . . Julia Adams has dated her co-stars before; while making "The Looters" she "discovered" Ray Danton. . . . Piper Laurie was the local favorite femme of Pfc. David Schine while he was here before reporting to Alaska, but Piper's mind is on her career. . . . Cesar Romero was Katy Jurado's preferred escort before she returned to Mexico, but if "Butch" ever gives up his single blessedness, that will be news! **END**



VERA-ELLEN and Vic Rothschild, so in love wed shortly after announcing engagement

Glorify your hair do...



with **UNICUM** **NYLON HAIR NETS**

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE



Insist on Genuine UNICUM in this package. SHADES: Dark, Med. or Light Brown, Black, Blonde, Auburn, Gray or White, to match your hair.

Be lovelier than ever . . . your hair neat, attractive and smart with a Unicum hair net. Your hair is always under control because this fine quality sheer nylon net conforms to the shape of your head . . . yet avoids that "squashed down" appearance. Invisible 15 denier nylon is snag proof, run-resistant and completely washable. Elastic edging self-adjusts to hold net securely regardless of wind or weather.

ONLY
10¢ EACH
ALL SHADES
GRAY & WHITE
INCLUDED



Buy a supply of UNICUM HAIR NETS today at your nearest

WOOLWORTH STORE

Also available at other fine stores



Famous Venida Hair Nets

10 SECONDS TO SAVE HOURS OF RE-DOING TIME!

Invisible human hair or durable nylon, single or double mesh, with or without elastic. Every shade in styles that conform to every hairdo.

Personalized care of your hair is more than just "grooming"... shampooing, brushing, styling and setting. The real art is in *keeping* your hair groomed after you arrange it properly.

Tomorrow, an hour or two after you dress your hair, see how soon it becomes disarranged. Next morning, take 10 seconds to put on a Venida Hair Net. Notice how your hair stays in place *all day long*, without a single recombining.

Once you experience this wonderful feeling of protection and assurance, you won't be without a Venida Hair Net ... any hour ... any day! Fully guaranteed, Venida Hair Nets are sold everywhere.

THE RIESER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

VENIDA® rules the waves!



New!

VENIDA RUBBER-TIPPED [synthetic]

BOB PINS



Safety ends can't catch or scratch. No more chipped teeth or broken nails. Greatest improvement in fifty years.